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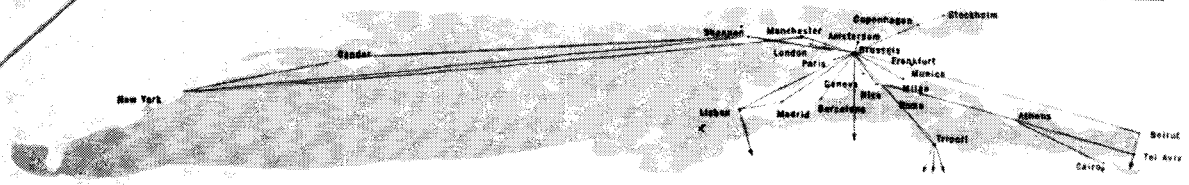

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Enough Rope

President Nasser, the dictator of the lower Nile, has reacted in his own way to the breakdown of his efforts to get himself a huge High Dam at Aswan paid for by the West while at the same time he goes on trading for arms with the Communist East.

For more than half a year the West was willing to stake his project in the interest of succoring Egypt's backward economy, despite (or because of) his gentle hints that if we didn't, Moscow would oblige. Now that his game has become only too apparent to both sides, Nasser has stepped forward to proclaim that by grabbing the income from the internationally owned Suez Canal he'll build the dam himself. "And it will be run by Egyptians!" he shouts patriotically. "Egyptians! Egyptians!"

Shades of Mossadegh! Here is another case history of nationalism gone wild in the hands of a petty tyrant. "The Suez Canal was built by Egyptians and 120,000 Egyptians died building it!" Nasser bellowed to his followers. "The money is ours and the Suez Canal belongs to us!" Of course this is sheer nonsense. The Canal was built by an international company, and if there had been no de Lesseps and no French francs and British pounds for it, the waters of the Red Sea would never have met those of the Mediterranean.

Only nations that have struggled to build up an industrial power of their own could bring into existence such a gigantic thing as the Suez Canal. It is located in Egypt, but it belongs to the world—even after the present lease expires in 1968—as an artery of international trade. Egyptian labor built the Pyramids, too—and much good Egypt got out of that.

The Nassers and Mossadeghs can give their people a brief, intoxicating lift—but usually not a functioning oil well, and in this case probably not a dam. This sort of nationalism does make of such régimes an international menace, though, and one at least as great as Communism itself—footloose and irresponsible, mouthing slogans of self-determination, yet rotten at the core.

Of course everybody is against colonialism and for national independence these days, but when nationalism becomes an end in itself, when the hysterically ambitious head of a nation old or new breaks the bonds of international obligations, the time comes to call a halt.

The nations that know the cost and sweat of technological advance certainly can find a way to handle the world's raucous Nassers. It is to say: "All right, you're telling your half-starved peasants that you don't want to have any international obligations and that you alone will make your nation strong and prosperous. Go on, then. We are not offering any gift to be told later that there are strings attached. We hope you will make the best possible use of strings of your own making."

Childe Harold's Putsch

This has been quite a summer for the emergence of underground movements—the Poznan revolt in June and the Dump-Nixon putsch in July. In both cases the authorities moved swiftly to scotch a rebellion, but not swiftly enough to keep from the world a fascinating glimpse of ferment beneath the crust.

That such ferment existed within the Republican Party, in high places and in low, has been no secret. Individuals like General Lucius Clay, Attorney General Brownell, Ambassador Winthrop Aldrich, and John J. McCloy, not to mention Governor Knight of California, have long been regarded as hostile to the Boy Wonder. Sherman Adams has been notably cool in his quiet New Hampshire way. At one point the unorthodox Governor Fred Hall of Kansas suggested openly that there were better Republicans for the job, and it is believed that Milton Eisenhower and Governor McKeldin of Maryland are equally unenthusiastic about the Vice-President.

Until Harold Stassen spoke up on July 23, however, unrest in the ranks remained just that. No politician was willing to take the lead, to say publicly what many of them were saying in private: that Nixon would cost the ticket votes in November and that politics aside, perhaps he was not, after all, the man to serve as understudy to a sick President.

Why, then, did Stassen, a man who had never shown any tendency to martyrdom, assume the burden of leading a rebellion to supplant Nixon with Governor Christian A. Herter of Massachusetts? We can report here the private word of an anti-Nixon Republican close to Stassen that the President specifically assured the Minnesota rebel that he *preferred* an open convention.

Why should Herter have the honor of putting Nixon in nomination? Because here, too, the President appears to have given the signal, or at least to have conveyed to Herter, at National Chairman Leonard Hall's request, the idea that such an arrangement was "acceptable."

Now we are to understand that the matter has been closed, that the

TO OUR READERS

As our regular readers know, two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* are dropped from the publishing schedule each summer. The first has already been dropped. Accordingly, your next copy will be dated September 6, when our regular fortnightly publishing schedule will be resumed. The dropping of the two issues—which would have been dated July 26 and August 23—does not affect the number of issues each subscriber receives.

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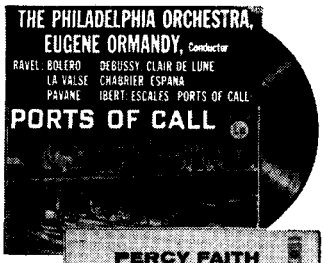
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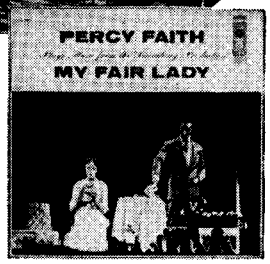

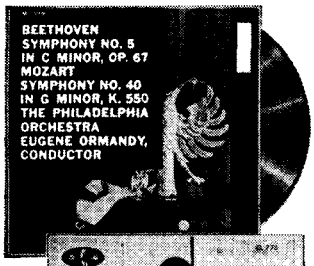

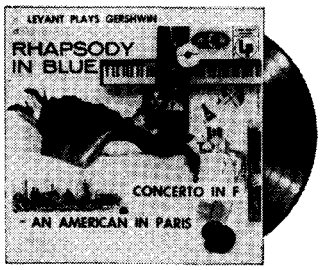

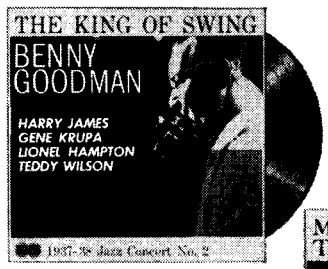

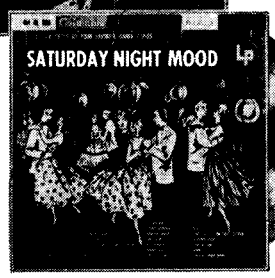

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President has spoken—through the usual Hall-Hagerty oracle. But the kind of uneasiness that Nixon generates cannot be disposed of so easily. When his enemies aren't attacking him, his friends are gratuitously acquitting him. In his second month of office *Look* magazine, a somewhat pro-Republican journal, featured an article entitled "Is Nixon Fit to Be President?" Since then, trying the Vice-President has become a common enterprise in Republican periodicals. Last month John Knight, publisher of the Knight newspapers, blandly put to his readers such questions as "Why are the Republicans so self-conscious over Dick Nixon?" "Why do so many people say 'I just don't like Nixon' . . .?" and ". . . why do the Republican governors and other segments of the party believe Dick Nixon has political 'B.O.'?"

A few weeks ago *Life* ran a one-man debate about Nixon, specifically "on the burning question: 'Would he be a good President?' " With Robert Coughlan conscientiously arguing both sides, the negative described Nixon's convictions as "pliable," his methods as "deceitful and inflammatory," and the man himself as "apparently, permanently and incorrigibly irresponsible." What is more, the adjectives were cogently supported by facts. That there was an affirmative hardly mattered as much as the fact that in the conclusion the affirmative agrees "that Nixon is not qualified to be a Democratic President. It insists—on the basis of experience, ability, training, political convictions and, yes, partisanship too—that he is qualified to be a good Republican President."

That's it: He is qualified to be the President of the minority party, not of the whole nation. As long as his supporters go on defending him this way, the anti-Nixon underground will continue to simmer.

On With the Show

The great Ringling Brothers traveling circus is gone forever. No more summer mornings on which small boys go down to the depot and meet the garish circus train pulling in, no more parades with Jumbo and white horses and the calliope, no more sawdust and raising of the big top.

Life has grown poorer thereby. But the small boys and their nostalgic parents need not be too discouraged: Another traveling show, complete with band wagon, balloons, drum-and-bugle corps, and equestriennes, is due to hit hundreds of towns before fall sets in. There'll even be an elephant—although this time a mechanical one.

In fact, there will be six of these traveling shows, all mechanized and all alike. The mainstay of each will be a thirty-ton tractor-trailer over which will float a forty-foot captive balloon—almost as big as some in the annual Thanksgiving Day Macy parade in New York. The balloons will be emblazoned in huge letters with "IKE." Festooned ranch wagons and jeeps will precede them. Loudspeakers, floodlights, motion pictures, and pretty "Eisenhower girls" with "IKE" printed all over their dresses and parasols will accompany them. Bands will blare, the mechanical elephant will rear its trunk, and the equestriennes will ride in triumph down Main Street.

National Citizens for Eisenhower has taken over where Ringling Brothers left off.

We'll Miss Them

Amid the rather frightening frenzy that characterizes the closing days of Congress with weighty measures being handled lightly, the Senators took time out to pay tribute to two of their number who are leaving: Walter George of Georgia and Eugene Millikin of Colorado. Both represented conservatism at its best—the kind of conservatism that ought to have strong representation in both houses of Congress and that has nothing in common with the latter-day radical conservatism exemplified by more than a score of Senators.

Walter George, whom Roosevelt failed to purge nearly two decades ago, has now been effectively purged by one of these radical conservatives, Herman Talmadge. Eugene Millikin, for whom our respect has always been as profound as our disagreement with most of his policies, has been the victim of a cruel arthritic condition that has literally shriveled him in the past few years.

He sat in his wheel chair the other day while the Senators gave testimonials to him, his once moonlike face now gaunt and strained. Only the big eyes gave brief flashes of recognition to the lavish words being spoken.

Taft once summed up his difference with Millikin: "Gene doesn't make people angry." The Colorado Senator, who served as Chairman of the Finance Committee during Republican Congresses, was always content with the quiet but dedicated manipulation of tremendous power that the Senate allows to its seniors. Unlike many of his colleagues, he has never had much truck with modern public relations. Yet in a sense he was one of the shrewdest publicists of them all. He always knew how to find and use the right word.

The latest test of Millikin's difference from the radicals of his party was in the vote for the nomination of Paul Hoffman as a U.N. delegate. Six Democrats and sixteen Republicans voted against Hoffman, a man whose philosophy is rather different from that of Senator Millikin, who voted for him.

ATOMS FOR PEACE or THE CLEAN BOMB

Dear Admiral Strauss, what heartening news
That there can be limited fallout!
How fortunate that we are able to choose
To go easy rather than all out!

Dear Admiral Strauss, what a comforting thought
To realize that now we could drop it
Without the suspicion that maybe we ought
To bend all our efforts to stop it!
(The lure, so to speak, of a few less dead
Going to our head.)

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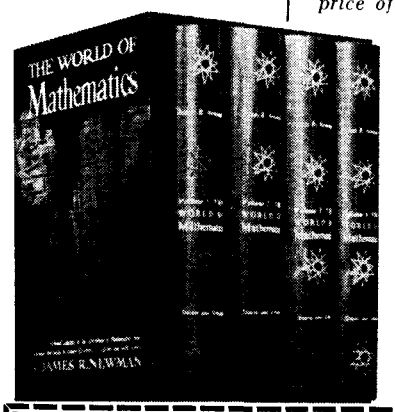

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CORRESPONDENCE

FOR HARRIMAN

To the Editor: As a liberal and a Democrat, I was deeply disturbed by your editorial in the June 28 issue in which you announce your support of Adlai Stevenson for President. You call for his nomination and election on grounds that the President having become physically incapable of carrying out the duties of his office, we must now turn to Stevenson, who of all the competing candidates is the one most like Ike; the more so now that he has divested himself of the wit, brilliance, nonconformism, and amateur admirers that characterized his 1952 campaign.

After four years of incisive, unrelenting documentation of just what Eisenhower's Administration has meant to us in terms of the withering away of our civil liberties, the loss of both initiative and respect abroad, and the failure to confront even the most elementary social problems at home, are we now to be told that this, after all, was the best we could hope for and that the most we can do now is to do it all over again—moderately?

As a Democrat, I deny this. We are not a moderate party; we are not middle-of-the-road. We live in a world of extreme dangers that cannot be met with moderate measures. Are we moderately to oppose the Soviets' drive for world denomination—let them take, say, half of Asia, Africa, and Latin America? Are we to be moderately concerned about the destruction of the family farm and settle, let us say, for small to medium-size corporation farming?

The simple fact is that for people who cannot decide what to do, doing something in between is as close as they can come to doing nothing—which is the one sure way to get yourself annihilated in the twentieth century.

The one candidate for the Democratic nomination who has stated this fact clearly and uncompromisingly is Averell Harriman. That alone would explain the increasing number of Democrats and Americans who are turning to him as a man with the courage to face our problems and the wisdom to solve them.

DANIEL P. MOYNIHAN
Albany, New York

ENEMY ASSETS

To the Editor: The article by William Harlan Hale and Charles Clift ("Enemy Assets—the $500,000,000 Question," *The Reporter*, June 14) is almost as startling and revealing in its way as your famous China Lobby issues. I hope it will stir America to action.

A clean decision, on the basis of public morality, is evidently called for. Such a decision would cut the ground right out from under the wasteful operations of the lobbyists and counter-lobbyists whom you describe. With the same stroke, a festering problem in human and international relations would be cured.

To hesitate to act is to condemn thousands of German and Japanese owners, many of them in meager circumstances, to linger on year after year in cruel alternation between hope and despair. While the lobbyists argue, some of the owners may die of illness or old age.

Of course, some wealthy cartelists may get their property back too. But has anyone ever thought of closing the churches because some cartelists might attend, or shutting down the courts because some cartelists might get justice? Or, to stretch it a bit, of depriving cartel executives, per se, of the right to own property?

The national conscience, so earnest in its desire to do right, should not now be misled or defeated by the vocabulary we used to win the war.

You have stated the central issue quite succinctly in your own editorial introduction to the article. "The question . . . ," you say, "involves certain basic principles of law and justice that are at least as important as the amount of money that is at stake, staggering as it is."

We subscribe to, undersign, and underscore that statement. And we would amplify it as follows: We feel that, while there is still room for honest men to differ about the technicalities of applicable law, clouded as it is by many postwar innovations, there is only one possible application here of the central principle of justice. We took the property. Eleven years after the war no compensation has been paid. We should give the property back.

JAMES FINUCANE
Executive Secretary
Committee for Return
of Confiscated German
and Japanese Property
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: As Chairman of the Section of International and Comparative Law of the American Bar Association last year, I was very much interested in the article on enemy assets. It may be of interest to know that when I appointed the members of the so-called Folsom Committee in the fall of 1954, I asked for an assurance from each member that he had no personal interest in the controversy, and was so told by each of them. It should be noted that the recent vote of the Section was on the specific issue of the Dirksen bill and not on the broader question of return or no return.

BRUNSON MACCHESNEY
Newport, Rhode Island

To the Editor: The article by Hale and Clift is a good general review of the intricate maneuvers which have taken place on the problem of to return or not to return enemy assets vested in the Second World War and specifically General Aniline and Film Corporation.

As the article indicates, I am opposed to the return of G.A.F. on many grounds, in-

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cluding the lessons which we should have learned after the First World War, and my concern for the many secret processes developed by G.A.F. since it was vested. If G.A.F. control is ever returned abroad, these important processes (many are too secret to be patented) would very likely find their way into the hands of persons who do not have the best interests of the United States in mind.

The Reporter has performed a useful service in giving publicity to this very involved question. I shall continue to press for action on my bill H.R. 80 or a similar measure which would allow the Attorney General to sell the vested enemy stock.

W. Sterling Cole
House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

MR. PATMAN

To the Editor: I am not sure that the letter from Congressman Wright Patman to a constituent in your July 12 issue reflects unfavorably on its author. Texas politics, we have often been told, is not a picnic, and minor patronage is part of our system. The Congressman appears in a far more favorable light than the constituents who have sought his favors in the past.

But in any case let me, as an economist, remind your readers that the country as a whole owes a great debt to the serious labors of Wright Patman over the last twenty-five years.

He has been a good and hard-working friend of the small man. And he has been a sincere and devoted student of monetary and fiscal policy. As a result he was one of the few men who knew when to be for a proper measure of inflation when it was needed in the 1930's, and who later knew when the opposite policies were appropriate. He would be much missed in the Congress.

J. K. Galbraith
Cambridge, Massachusetts

IN RE KROPOTKIN'S BEARD

To the Editor: The last lines of dialogue in the story "She Knew Prince Kropotkin" by Eugene Burdick in your issue of June 28 are as follows:

"But his beard was beautiful."

"Awful it was. A scrubby thing, stiff little things like charged wires and all greasy. One of the worst I've ever seen."

Pure fabrication and an insult to a fine character, a travesty on fairness! How a good story writer can write such unverified trash is beyond me.

Prince Kropotkin was a fine-looking, fatherly type. Gentle by nature and unobtrusive. He did not like being referred to as Prince. He disliked being treated as a superior person. There was nothing of the "blood and thunder" type of revolutionist that you may get from some of his more ignorant followers. I'm not saying this because I believe in his philosophy called Anarchist Communism. I don't believe in any kind of Communism, not even the socialistic kind that our government is following. But why should a man be slandered because you don't believe in his ideas?

Alexis C. Ferm
Fairhope, Alabama

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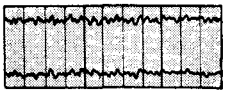
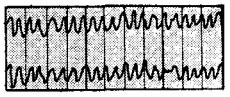


Brain in concentrated thought. Waves are short, irregular, and frequent.



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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

WITH the convention at hand and the G.O.P.—under the President's name—running for a second term, it is proper to take a close look at some of the main personalities and at the prevailing trends.

Max Ascoli's editorial surveys the Republican leadership as a whole. **Sidney Hyman** gives an appraisal of the man who is probably the strongest and ablest member of the Cabinet, Secretary Humphrey. Mr. Hyman is the author of *The American President*; he is also an expert on the financial operations of our government as evidenced by his collaboration with Marriner S. Eccles in writing *Beckoning Frontiers: Public and Personal Reminiscences*. **William Lee Miller,** a minister himself, and in fact a Presbyterian minister, tries to find out to what extent the religious moralism of that eminent Presbyterian layman, John Foster Dulles, has succeeded in determining the course of our foreign policy. Mr. Miller makes it clear that he sees nothing wrong in bringing ethics into politics: The trouble is only with Mr. Dulles's kind of ethics. Now on leave of absence from *The Reporter*, Mr. Miller is writing a book on Eisenhower's moral crusade.

WHILE all this unilateral disarmament is going on (or talk of same) what's happening to NATO? Our British Correspondent, **Alastair Buchan,** who is on the staff of the London *Observer*, reports on how this state of affairs affects Great Britain and the Alliance.

No discussion of NATO could be complete without a consideration of the aborning German Army. The major opposition party in West Germany is not overfond of the twelve-division project. Yet it may form the nucleus of a winning coalition in next year's elections. In spite of this possibility, our diplomats seem to extend the policy of non-recognition to parties out of power, no matter how anti-Communist. **Paul Moor,** photographer for Magnum and free-lance journalist, has written frequently for *The Reporter*.

Peter Schmid, correspondent for Swiss magazines and newspapers, gives us his second vignette of Red China. Like his first article (July 12, 1956), it is translated by Richard Winston.

The probable causes of the recent collision of two airliners above the Grand Canyon are analyzed by **Lawrence H. Berlin,** Washington journalist. The strangest thing about the disaster is that something of the kind did not take place sooner.

OUR Contributing Editor **Robert Bendiner** discusses the campaign of the man whom Adlai Stevenson called the major challenger to his own nomination, Averell Harriman. Mr. Bendiner's piece is straight reporting. As of now, the Harriman boom does not seem to be going very far, but strange things happen in politics and very unexpected things have happened at party conventions.

John Madigan, a member of the staff of *Newsweek* in Washington, who appears frequently on TV panels to question political figures, gives us a sketch of William Levi Dawson: a Negro Democrat, a leading Member of Congress, a moderate, and a man who has tried hard to serve the cause of his race.

WQXR Music Director Abram Chasins's interview with the violinist **Isaac Stern** allows us to publish a report of Russia from a man who has been there and who happens to have an exceptionally perceptive mind and heart.

The short story on journalism and the freedom of the press is written by **Otto Friedrich,** himself a newspaperman.

August Heckscher, who reviews Chester Bowles's recent book, is Executive Director of the Twentieth Century Fund.

Delmore Schwartz is the well-known poet and critic.

Alan Heimert is a graduate student in the field of American Civilization at Harvard.

Lindsay Rogers is Burgess Professor of Public Law at Columbia.

Our cover is by **Fred Zimmer.**

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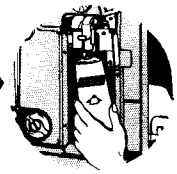

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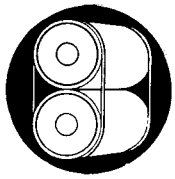

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Whose G.O.P.?

THE ADMINISTRATION must be credited with a major achievement: In a thoroughly democratic, thoroughly American way, it has been running the country by a combination of collective leadership and cult of personality. Indeed, what keeps the leadership collective *is* the cult of a personality—that of a singular man to whom the nation will be forever indebted and who has chosen to exercise his Constitutional powers only occasionally. One can say that he has been a leader in his own right—sometimes—on Sundays. Ordinarily, it is the high-ranking cultists of the President's personality who rule.

The experience of more than three years and a half proves that this weekday leadership is truly collective and shared by a remarkably large number of people, scattered all the way from the White House staff to the Cabinet, to the Republican Congressional minority, to the National Security Council—men like Sherman Adams and Jim Hagerty, Secretaries Humphrey and Weeks, Senators Knowland and Bridges, Admirals Radford and Strauss. Just because this oligarchy is so broad, it is singularly unsteady and loose. At the Congressional level it works as an uneasy coalition of factions always likely to inflict great harm on the Administration—and therefore on the collective leadership itself—were it not that the Administration can, on most issues, count on its alternates, the Democrats.

Yet just four years ago, it was stated with great cogency and effectiveness that the G.O.P. needed and deserved to run the nation in order to prove its fitness to run the nation. For those who held this view, the results cannot help being disappointing. It is certainly true that there must be a great deal of indulgence in judging how well a party that for twenty years had been out of power succeeds in relearning the art of government. But in equal fairness, it must be added that it takes remarkable application to learn as little as the G.O.P. has learned during the last three years and a half.

Has the G.O.P. oligarchy got around to realizing that our nation is in the business of world leadership for keeps? Has it abandoned its fondness for kept foreign governments? Has it built up any resistance to the recurrence of some of the major diseases it went through, like McCarthyism? The amazing thing about the G.O.P. collective leadership is that each one of its members has remained so unalterably the same, as if time had remained still. One would not be surprised if Richard Nixon were to answer Harold Stassen by repeating the Checkers telecast.

BUT THIS stillness that seems to have interrupted the course of American history is coming to an end. No cultism can hide the fact that the impact of the President's personality is fading away. This impact, no matter how episodically brought to bear on the G.O.P. and on the nation, on a number of occasions was real and decisive. On some of these occasions it expressed itself negatively, by preventing rash adventures, but on at least a couple of others it was of that positive nature which might have paved the way for great things to come—as was the case at Geneva.

There is a unique quality in the relationship between this retired general and the nation. As long as he was out in front, the nation too felt somewhat retired, basking in the ease of its fortune and glory. Moreover, it was inconceivable that he could do or allow anything his good conscience could recognize as evil.

Now the President's image is paling. His health is a primary reason, but by no means the only one. Should he be re-elected, the fact that never again could he run for office would make the impact of his personality even feebler than it is now. Should he be re-elected, his retirement from the highest office, his return to a sort of privacy, would take place in public, with all the pomp and ceremony of exalted nominal leadership. The Presidency would acquire some of the empty luster of the Vice-Presidency.

Yet now the G.O.P. is going all out in its effort to bring into power, in Eisenhower's name, an Administration meant to be run without Eisenhower. There is no way of knowing what this next Administration would be like, except perhaps that there would be a fight for supremacy among the Adamses, Bridgeses, Radfords, and Nixons. Or else just Nixon.

Four years ago, the nation was swept by the slogan *I Like Ike*. Now most of the protagonists of our political life are adopting, each one for himself, a somewhat different slogan: *I'm Like Ike*.

AND PERHAPS it is true that only a man like Ike can become President—someone possessed by the sunny good will and the world-mindedness characteristic of Eisenhower. In 1956, the name Ike still symbolizes the kind of President that Eisenhower might have been.

But two things are certain. The first is that all these truly noble qualities ought to be sustained by a power of steady vision and unrelenting day-in-and-day-out action. The second is that there is no such man in the collective leadership of the Republican Party.

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The Education Of George Humphrey

SIDNEY HYMAN

THERE ARE a few men in every age whose lives happen to be like strategic points on a battlefield. In America every President is *ex officio* in such a strategic spot. But occasionally it may be one of the President's chief aides. For the Eisenhower Presidency, one such crucial figure is Secretary of the Treasury George Magoffin Humphrey.

Now a ruddy-hued, stocky figure in his mid-sixties, Mr. Humphrey is a curious mixture of Alexander Hamilton and George Babbitt. On the Hamilton side, there is his sustained devotion to geometric order. There is also his capacity to risk definite decisions, and his self-assured calm while awaiting the results. On the Babbitt side, there are his studied friendliness, his mystic faith in "confidence," his fear of its fragility, and his echoings of *Poor Richard's Almanac*.

What gives him his public significance is the new genetic strain he has brought to the Treasury's Secretarial line of descendants. Unlike his recent predecessors, he was neither a politician, a professional economist, a banker, a financier, nor the outright owner of a great enterprise. The new quality he brought to the Treasury was the professionalism of the class of men who are now hired by owners to manage the great industrial and commercial enterprises that employ fully two-thirds of all gainfully employed Americans.

Men of this sort differ widely in temperament, just as the firms they run differ widely in size. Yet the common problem they face gives them their unity and identity as a managerial class. It is basically that their own status and rewards depend on how much they have left after taxes for distribution to individual owners or to millions of stockholders. "No earnings" can be their Gethsemane, an "operational loss" their Crucifixion, but an "extra dividend" Kingdom Come.

They are admired by the world—and rightly so—for the skill they show in bringing men, money, machines, and materials together to produce and sell things. But what complicates their lot in the America they serve is that their rise and their acquisition of a class status have coincided with a profound change in the whole course of American society. It has been a big change away from "The public be damned!" attitude, with its morbid corollary that booms and busts are ordained by nature's immutable laws. It has been a big

change toward a sense of the "public interest," toward a unified goal of full employment and full production, to be achieved without inflation, without direct coercion but with some permissive policing, and in an economy that serves and is served by a political order dedicated to free initiative and individual rights.

The difficulty of achieving all of these goals simultaneously cannot be overstated. But what compounds the difficulty still more is the fact that the world beyond our borders remains convulsed. None of these convulsions respects the twelve-mile limit, and most of them demand some sort of emergency action from the United States.

MR. HUMPHREY, next to the President himself, dramatizes this big change in American life. After a campaign settlement with those who favored the late Senator Robert Taft, the new managerial class that Mr. Humphrey represents put its corporate powers behind General Eisenhower and bore him to the White House. As in the case of Mr. Humphrey's own appointment, this class provided two-thirds of General Eisenhower's original nominations to the key posts in his Administration—Cabinet Secretaries, Under Secretaries, board members, commissioners, and so on. With Mr. Humphrey as Secretary of the Treasury, these men have since had to cope day and night with the elusive and baffling economic aspects of the big change.

Captain of Industry

Mr. Humphrey's rise in the world began in comfortable circumstances. His father was a successful trial lawyer, his mother a schoolteacher. Born in 1890 in Cheboygan, Michigan, he spent his boyhood in Saginaw, enrolled at the University of Michigan, studied engineering for a while, but graduated with a law degree. Then he married Pamela Stark, the daughter of a prosperous Saginaw attorney, whose wedding present to the young couple was a new house. Though launched on a promising legal career in Saginaw,

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Mr. Humphrey was drawn to Cleveland in 1918 on the invitation of Richard Grant, a family friend and general counsel of the M. A. Hanna Company.

As assistant counsel, Mr. Humphrey saw the war years do well by his firm. But in 1920, when he became a junior partner, its iron and coal mines, lake ships, docks, and blast furnaces fell upon evil times. In the fiscal year 1925 the company suffered a loss of $2 million, and it seemed for a while that the banks would move in and take over.

The troubles of the firm could certainly not be laid at the door of a socialist-minded Administration in Washington. Warren G. Harding and then Calvin Coolidge were in the White House during this period, and their Secretary of the Treasury —Andrew Mellon—could scarcely be accused of Jacobin spleen toward men of property. The losses of the 1920's, as Mr. Humphrey recalls, proceeded quite directly from M. A. Hanna's long-neglected need for a drastic reorganization.

Installed as executive vice-president with wide powers to remedy matters, Mr. Humphrey pared and lopped, and eventually got the company down to its basic essentials. Then, in 1929, he linked it with steel plants in Detroit and Pittsburgh and laid the groundwork for a further tie-in with the Rockefeller and Mellon coal interests to create the largest commercial coal company in the world. Mr. Humphrey's great managerial talents led to his appointment as president of the M. A. Hanna Company.

New Deal Boom

In the crisis period of 1929-1933, the industrial production of M. A. Hanna was reduced to a small scale; but with the reported help of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Mr. Humphrey rescued two Cleveland banks and brought them into the firm's orbit. He also made M. A. Hanna a major stockholder in the Industrial Rayon Corporation at a time when that company needed capital to exploit its revolutionary patents. Mr. Humphrey had done extremely well in the face of great odds, but the golden days for his firm dated from the advent of the New Deal.

Of his many successes, the most spectacular was his formation of the Iron Ore Company of Canada in the late 1940's. Created to finance the extraction and marketing of a newly discovered and immense hoard of Labrador iron ore, the company needed $260 million to launch the enterprise. By Republican legend, the money should not have been forthcoming, since the Democrats had "destroyed initiative," and "punished incentive." And yet in record time, Mr. Humphrey got the backing of five big steel companies and a $200-million loan from some insurance companies to exploit the Labrador deposits.

Before he knew what he had in Labrador, Mr. Humphrey used to be among those who opposed the St. Lawrence Seaway project. In his view, it was a "socialist ditch." It only became a capitalist body of water upon his discovery that it could serve as a cheap highway between an iron mine in a trackless wilderness and the blast furnaces nearer home. It required affairs of great moment to bring Mr. Humphrey before Congressional committees in his pre-Cabinet days. Once was when he testified in opposition to the St. Lawrence project. The next time, he appeared before the same committee to urge that it be built.

As Robert Donovan's book *Eisenhower: The Inside Story* makes plain, Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey's influence was decisive in moving a hesitant General Eisenhower over to the side that favored the St. Lawrence project. Mr. Donovan quotes Mr. Humphrey as saying at a Cabinet meeting that "access to the Labrador ore deposits made the inland waterway necessary to national security." And it was this view that General Eisenhower echoed at his press conference on April 23, 1953. "The National Security Council," he said, "had found it advantageous to the security of the United States that the seaway be built, and built with American participation."

It is not to be inferred that Mr. Humphrey's part in the transaction was unethical. On the contrary, thanks to his support, a project that had always promised much good to the Midwest is at long last underway. The significant point in Mr. Humphrey's turnabout—his friends point to it as proof of his "flexibility"—is what lay behind it. It is the old Hamilton-Whig doctrine that government "interference" with the private economic system is sinful when it regulates business (or helps the farm and labor sectors of the economy), but that when such interference results in the government's paying the costs of projects for businessmen who stand to profit enormously from them, it is enlightened statesmanship.

In the course of his career in industry, Mr. Humphrey's dealings with his competitors were such that they all speak well of him. His reputation with labor is also good. His coal contracts in particular were on the generous side, which may explain what happened at a recent public dinner he attended in Washington. At speechmaking time no less a figure than John L. Lewis let it be known that he would support Mr. Humphrey if he ever ran for the Presidency.

In the course of his industrial career Mr. Humphrey was fund raiser and campaign paymaster for an assortment of good, bad, and indifferent Ohio Republicans. His self-effacement in these political affairs was partly responsible for the surprise that met his appointment as Secretary of the Treasury. It also led to the misapprehension that his appointment had been arranged by Senator Taft.

Senator Taft approved when Mr. Humphrey's name was put up to him, but the nomination began with Paul Hoffman, who called some industrial-diplomatic work Mr. Humphrey had done in occupied Germany to the attention of General Lucius Clay. Then, after the 1952 elections, when General Eisenhower

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drew on General Clay's long and distinguished military and industrial experience to help find men suited to the character of the incoming Administration, it was General Clay who recommended Mr. Humphrey for the post he now holds.

'We Asked for It'

"We've asked for this sort of situation for a long time," said Mr. Humphrey at the time he agreed to join the Eisenhower Cabinet, "and now that we've got it, we obviously can't refuse to help."

How would he help? What theories did he hold? What would he do? Few clues could be found in any speeches or writings from his pre-Cabinet past. "Business is judged by

performance," he explained, "and if you perform you don't need to talk . . . I've always discouraged the people I know from making speeches."

This may be a sound enough doctrine in the business world, but it does not apply quite so well to politics, and especially to the politics of a democratic society. For in such a society, the beginning *is* the word, and the act that follows from it is indivisible from the word. Those who rule or those who bid to rule must rely on the word to convey their ideas to the electorate.

Mr. Humphrey himself knows perfectly well that there is an indivisible connection between the initiating word and the acts that follow. Though his pre-Cabinet record of words—by its very paucity—shows a very discreet man, there remains his highly confessional remark: "We asked for this situation"—the Eisenhower victory. One is thereby entitled to recall the words he and others like him used, personally or through their spokesmen, in their bid for the situation they asked for and got on Election Day in 1952.

MR. HUMPHREY and other members of the managerial class bemoaned the way "a crushing burden of debt" was "being passed along to our children's children." (They did just that with their corporate debts—but called them assets.) They were full of strictures about the need to pay off the public debt. (But they knew that the liquidation of a substantial part of their own private debt structure would lead to general economic paralysis.) They extolled the "old-time virtues of thrift, frugality, self-reliance, and industry." (But in their own industrial expansion they had learned that while at times it was good for people to be thrifty, it was also good for someone to borrow the stagnating money and put it to use.) They voiced their concern about the way the "character of the individual citizen" was being undermined by government handouts. (But they saw no peril to their own character, dignity, and self-reliance when they received direct subsidies from the public treasury, tariff protection, or special considerations in tax matters.) They were full of apocalyptic forebodings about "the drift toward socialism." (Yet they expanded as never before in the New Deal-Fair Deal period.)

Just Like Truman

During the 1952 campaign, Republican orators promised to "balance the budget," "cut taxes," "reduce the national debt," "halt inflation," "end waste," "restore the value of the dollar," and "halt the drift toward socialism." "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," was a homily intoned many times by General Eisenhower himself—though if this advice became national policy, it would immediately close every institution of capitalism that depends on creditor-debtor relations.

To be sure, once in a while General Eisenhower came to grips with reality and stated what government *as* government must do if the social order of which our vigorous form of capitalism is but a part is to hold the loyalty of the entire population. Once in a while, that is, he amended his version of an overnight balancing of the budget and extended the time limit to four years; or again, he once said that our national security would have to come before the promised tax cuts.

But the amendments were spoken in so muted a tone that even a sharp-eared man like the late Senator Taft missed them completely. We have the proof of this in Mr. Donovan's revelations about how Senator Taft "went off like a bomb" when, in the fourth month of the Eisenhower Presidency, he learned that military spending would not be cut and that more deficits lay ahead. "The one primary thing we promised the American people," Taft shouted at a meeting with the President, the Cabinet, and Republican legislative leaders, "was a reduction of expenditures. Now you are taking us right down the same road Truman traveled. It's a repudiation of everything we promised in the campaign."

The Chickens Come Home

If President Eisenhower was to be plagued by what his fellow Republicans insisted he said in the course of the campaign, Mr. Humphrey was no less a victim of the Republican campaign themes. He had heard it said—and he himself had said many times—that the Democrats had brought on a nearly ruinous in-

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flation. It followed, therefore, that the wise thing for a new Administration to do was to end the peril at once. Thus, in the spring of 1953, with the concurrence of the Federal Reserve System, he ventured to tighten credit through the issuance of long-term bonds. This soaked up money that would otherwise have gone into corporate issues.

The error of this policy, which soon became clear, lay not in its objective but in its premise: There was no inflation. Despite the Korean war, despite heavy government expenditures, despite full production and full employment, and despite high farm prices, the cost of living had been stable for nearly a year. And it should be added that the government's cash income and outgo were also just about in balance. The only reality the tight-money policy corresponded to was the letter of a 1952 Republican campaign dogma, and it produced what the President's Economic Report of January, 1954, called "an incipient and possibly dangerous scramble for cash."

Along with the Federal Reserve system, the Treasury eventually took discreet steps to ease credit and make more money available as part of a general counterattack on a developing recession. The manner in which these steps were taken bore an astonishing resemblance to what was called "monetary tinkering" and issuing "printing-press money" during the previous Democratic Administrations. But from 1953 onward to the present, it was all in keeping with the Eisenhower Administration's sound policies of giving every incentive to business.

If Mr. Humphrey preserved an enigmatic silence about his 1953 conversion to "cheap money," he was far from silent in the fall of that year when the signs of a recession became plainly visible. He joined in assailing the Democrats who pointed out that the economy was on the skids. Chief among those who felt the force of the attack was Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois, who had played a major role in bringing the Treasury and Federal Reserve Board together on a policy that helped stabilize the economy from 1951 to the beginning of the Eisenhower Presidency.

Being among the first in the nation to sound the alert to the presence of a recession (and not a depression, as he took pains to point out at the time), Senator Douglas was promptly tagged as a "prophet of doom and gloom" and as a man who was "shaking confidence." (Senator William Fulbright's temperate study of the sudden vertical rise in the stock market in 1955 drew similar charges.)

The Ghost of J. M. Keynes

It now appears that in the midst of the 1953-1954 recession, even while heavy Republican fire was directed at Senator Douglas, the Eisenhower Cabinet was very nervous about the deteriorating economic situation whose existence it was vehemently denying in public. It also appears—the source again is Mr. Donovan's book—that in this hour of stress the Administration discovered the merit of the "theorists" and "professors" who had been anathema to the managerial class during the days of the New and the Fair Deals (and still are to Mr. Humphrey). As Mr. Donovan discloses, in the Administration's great hour of stress the "theorists and professors"—in the persons of Dr. Arthur Burns, head of the Council of Economic Advisers, and Dr. Gabriel Hauge, the President's personal adviser on economic matters—were called to the breach.

Dr. Burns was requested by the President "to co-ordinate reports from the various departments and

agencies on their plans for public works projects." He was also requested by that same high source to "appear at every subsequent Cabinet meeting until further notice to summarize each week's developments and keep all the members alert to the problem." And it was chiefly due to the analyses made by Dr. Burns, and interpreted to the President by Dr. Hauge, that the Eisenhower Administration climbed out of the morass. Its panegyrists call the whole operation a "brilliant recovery" for the economy, ending "the mildest recession in United States business cycles" and leading to the "greatest boom in history." And so it was. But the crucial detail about which very little has been said was the method used. It was New Dealism (or Keynesianism or a managed economy) pressed to the hilt.

There was a modification of Federal Reserve requirements, a liberalization of mortgage requirements, a hastening of domestic procurements, together with a speed-up in construction of atomic installations and small bridges. But overshadowing these by far, there was the decision deliberately to unbalance the budget and deliberately to incur what eventually amounted to a deficit of $4.2 billion for the fiscal year beginning on July 1, 1954. What gives this decision its historic significance is that the Administration could easily have balanced the budget for that period by prolonging two major Korean War taxes that were due to expire on January 1, 1954. They were the excess-profits tax, bringing in $2 billion, and the emergency ten per cent increase in income taxes, amounting to $3 billion. But the Administration allowed the taxes to expire—a not unpopular act in itself. And in defiance of twenty years of Republican dogma about balanced budgets and the "crushing burden of debt on the children," it deliberately pumped more money into the economy than it took out.

Mr. Humphrey's personal contribution to the recovery drive appears in four forms. One was his glacial calm. The second was his personal calls to business friends over the country assuring them that the Administration would follow sound fiscal policies: Witness the fact that there were no new vast public-works programs being launched. They therefore could go ahead with their plans for expansion. His third contribution was the vigorous support he gave to tax-depreciation benefits that would spur corporation investments. And his fourth contribution was a veto of the Democratic-spon-

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sored plan, which President Eisenhower briefly favored, to give tax relief to low-income groups. The theory of the Democratic sponsors was that the increase in effective purchasing power achieved by the tax reduction would help stimulate production and hence employment. Mr. Humphrey's veto stood up in the Cabinet and eventually in the Congress. His own plan to move in

an opposite direction—to impose excise taxes—was ruled out by Republican legislative leaders on political grounds. He and they both, however, supported the increase in Social Security benefits.

EVENTUALLY, when the economy not only came back but proceeded to new heights, the Administration took full credit for overcoming a recession whose existence it had been denying all along. Moreover, its orators went to the country with these glad tidings: The Republicans, after showing courage in ending the destructive economic policies of the Democratic past, had at last brought the country back to a free economy, which in turn had produced prosperity.

Apart from the failure to acknowledge that at least some of the prosperity could be attributed to the "destructive economic policies of the Democratic past," the tidings are not uniformly glad. The budget has been balanced partly because tax revenues exceeded expectations. But in equal part, it has been balanced by *not* attending to vital matters such as school and highway construction, by postponing an inevitable heavy outlay in defense costs, and by the payment of current bills from funds accumulated in the defense or foreign-aid pipelines over previous years. Furthermore, the relative stability of prices represents the average between agricultural prices that are still depressed and industrial prices that are still rising. And although there has been a well-timed election-year token reduction of the national debt, the aggregate effect of the Eisenhower Presidency has been an increase in the public debt by many billions of dollars. Finally, the area of nondefense spending, which was the favorite target for the charge of "waste" during the days of the Democrats, is now at an all-time high.

Defense and the Budget

A further point remains to be mentioned briefly before the moral is pointed. It involves the charge that Mr. Humphrey has subordinated the security of the nation to his passionate drive for a balanced budget.

President Eisenhower, of course, is spectacularly skillful in diverting onto other men the brunt of many an attack which his predecessors in the White House have suffered in person. Yet whether this is the measure of his great political skill or the measure of the loyalty he can evoke from his subordinates, the fact remains that he and he alone can make the ultimate decisions for his Administration on such grave matters as national defense. And he alone can be held responsible unless we scrap the Constitution.

Perhaps the principal cause of the charges about weakening the nation's defenses in order to balance the budget lies in this Administration's characteristic overstatements.

The first overstatement involves the so-called "New Look" in the military establishment. The objective here was worthy enough—to take advantage of the new advances in atomic weapons and aircraft and to seek an "equation" by which, with reduced manpower, a still potent military establishment could be tied to what our economy would be able to support over the long haul. The overstatement was the claim that this was somehow an invention of the Eisenhower Administration and was characteristic of its sound approach to national problems.

The fact is that the concept originated under the Truman Administration on the eve of the Korean War, but was shelved until that peril was over. Indeed, it was only after the armistice in Korea was reached that the Eisenhower Administration itself revived the concept and put it into effect. Mr. Humphrey's part in the proceedings was to see that the agreement was carried out in line with the President's own directives. That the Administration backed and filled in its decisions about the proper force level, that the growing rigidity of its dependence on the Big Bomb may hamstring our capacity to fight any kind of war except one of total annihilation—these are proper subjects for serious argument. Here, however, they lie to the side of this main point: that having claimed the New Look as its invention, the Republican Administration reaped the Democratic attacks on what was originally a Democratic project.

The second of the overstatements is related to the first. It is the claim that the Administration has achieved prosperity without recourse to the injections of "blood money" that were the basis of Democratic prosperity. The misleading implication here is that defense spending has no part in our current prosperity and presumably, therefore, is prac-

tically nonexistent. This, of course, is nonsense. Defense spending is at an all-time high for any peacetime period in American history.

The Speech Was Never Made

Why all these suppressed truths, half-truths, and complete distortions

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that appear on every second line of the Administration's record in managing the economy? If the Eisenhower enthusiasts are right, if he has indeed achieved a historic revolution in America by "reconciling" business with government *as* government, surely the time is long overdue for some articulate member of the Administration to speak the full truth to the newly reconciled. Surely a George Humphrey, justifiably proud of his personal achievements, might address his friends the managers somewhat as follows:

"Gentlemen, we and the other men from our class who now form the government have learned what government *as* government must do in the interest of our society—and by that I include in the interest of our corporations. Therefore, let us now acknowledge that we are the residual legatees of what the better Democratic teachers prepared for us. Let us honor those teachers, or at least cease to revile them. We have abilities. We have no need to be ashamed of them. And as long as we are part of the government, believe me, we can use our abilities to the greater good of our society if we will let the dead bury the dead. For as things now stand, we dissipate a good part of our abilities by talking one way and acting another way."

It is Mr. Humphrey's failure to say anything of this sort that makes him, his managerial class, and the Administration it rules a supreme example of wasted talent and opportunity. What makes this all the more poignant is the misguided theory that will not permit Mr. Humphrey and the members of his class to say what would clear the air overnight and win them a much firmer ground for durable political power than the one they now hold only as long as President Eisenhower lasts.

To achieve that political power, the business community needs to attract votes. But where can it find them? If it had eyes to see the full truth of the matter, it has the necessary political base right in its own back yard. It has that base in big labor, because the last thing big labor wants is for big business to get smaller. It wants business to be big since the kind of benefits it wants for itself—a guaranteed annual wage of the sort agreed to by General Motors, for example—can best come not from little business but from big business.

Over the long haul, the managers of big business have no real reason to fear big labor. The pair can combine for their mutual interest, and shift the cost of the deal onto a third party. The Messrs. John L. Lewis and George M. Humphrey practiced the art in their own labor-management relations. Moreover, as big labor itself becomes a big business enterprise, with its treasuries and pension funds, it does what many millions of individual Americans do, regardless of political prejudices. It invests its funds in the big business from which it draws its livelihood.

Failing to see the naturalness of the combination or having a short-run dividend in mind, big business looks elsewhere for the votes it needs in order to gain benefits the government alone has power to grant. At present, for example, it wants to preserve a tax policy that works to put the managers in a glowing light with their boards of directors and stockholders: a policy by which corporate profits in the three years of the Eisenhower Administration have increased thirty-four per cent after taxes, while the average American's personal income in the same three years has gone up only eight per cent after taxes.

But emotions being what they are, the natural ally is kept at arm's length, and the mass base of votes is sought on middle-class Main Street, whose largely irrelevant economic theories are drawn from *Poor Richard* and placarded behind every second cash register on the street. All that remains for big business to do, through its rhetoricians or political brokers, is to repeat for public reconsumption what Main Street, in its folk wisdom, has already predigested. And although nearly every storekeeper on the street lives at the sufferance of big business and cannot bargain collectively with it, the agreeable sensation of finding one's opinions in a complex world shared by the "Big Boys," leads Main Street to act at the polls pretty much as big business would have it act.

When this happens, as in November of 1952, the trap springs shut. Having come to power by urging and proposing what was irrelevant to the hour, the managers of big business in big government must do what *is* relevant. Yet they dare not admit it, for fear of alienating the Main Street forces whose votes (so they think) represent the only source that can give them political power. And so, fear-ridden and profoundly uncertain about how long they can last, they forfeit the strength that lies in truth. Even while they are in power they spend most of their time preparing for the day they will lose it. They keep on talking Main Street, in the desperate hope that the old saws—about the "drift toward socialism," "neither a borrower nor a lender be," and "the government is like a family in that it must live within its income or go broke"—will again bring thundering applause from the luncheon meeting for the distinguished speaker at the local Chamber of Commerce.

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The 'Moral Force' Behind Dulles's Diplomacy

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

An editorial in Henry Luce's *Life* magazine once asked, "Should U.S. Policy Be Moral?" The answer turned out to be "Yes." How was U.S. policy to be made moral? By supporting John Foster Dulles. "His policies have a religious motivation. . . . He is trying to put U.S. foreign policy back on an explicitly moral basis. . . ."

But putting U.S. policy *back* on a moral basis, presumably after the long years of Democratic immorality, has proved to be a little more difficult than it seemed at first. Take the recent Administration brouhaha over "neutralism." When Dulles spoke at Iowa State College on June 9 he seemed to contradict the genial words the President had spoken at a press conference three days earlier and to lay down a strict moral line about neutrality. At any rate, Mr. Luce's *Time* magazine seemed to think so. It was not an easy case, for *Time* had to choose between two kindred spirits, both usually on the moral side: Eisenhower and Dulles. But the Luce publications do not hesitate in the strife of Truth with Falsehood: Ike had strayed.

In the gentle words he spoke for neutralism, said *Time,* the President of the United States "got in over his head . . ." In his claim that we ourselves had long been a neutral, he made a "disconcerting misstatement of U.S. history." Luckily, "the slip" was not allowed to stand unchallenged. ". . . At week's end," intoned *Time,* "Secretary of State Dulles tried to repair the damage . . ." In one paragraph of Dulles's speech the word "neutrality" was pretty clearly linked with the word "immoral."

But then, after Richard Nixon, another prominent Administration moralist, had twice entered the discussion (once on each side); and after considerable boiling around among foreign diplomats about U.S. views on neutralism; and after Dulles, under questioning at a press conference, had avoided explaining his views and simply claimed there was no conflict between them and the President's; and after Prime Minister Nehru had kidded the United States for its apparently contradictory views and chided Dulles and Nixon for wanting everybody to think as they did, there came at last on July 11 a further amplification from Dulles about the immorality of neutralism.

Recalling the complicated language of his original statement, Mr. Dulles explained that what he really meant was "immoral" was not necessarily "neutrality" but "being indifferent to the fate of others." U.N. membership shows concern for other nations, and even for countries like Switzerland that haven't joined the U.N., Mr. Dulles was able to point out an escape clause about "exceptional circumstances" in his Iowa State speech. The Secretary admitted that there were "very few, if any" countries that actually fitted his definition of immoral neutrality. Having, in the New York *Times's* words, "vexed"

some and "puzzled" all of Washington's diplomatic corps and having given Nehru a chance to lead the Commonwealth Prime Ministers in a laugh and a growl at the United States, the "moral" statement was at last harmlessly retired to the shelf of abstract principle, inapplicable to any discernible nation. One wonders if it should have been taken down from there in the first place.

'Absolute Right and Wrong'

Secretary Dulles is a more complicated man than most of those with whom he is associated. For the President, the Vice-President, or the Secretary of Defense, for example, there is a standard set of adjectives, an expected position, a relatively clear political image. But not for Mr. Dulles. He is a complex man in a simple Administration.

On reading his speeches one is struck by the quality of many of them. His thought is clearer and more sophisticated, his language more varied and precise than that of most of his colleagues—certainly than that of his chief. But President Eisenhower manages, despite his trouble with language, to make his larger meaning come through; Mr. Dulles manages, despite his greater facility with language, to keep his larger meaning obscure. With Mr. Eisenhower the words are fuzzy but the real intention clear; with Mr. Dulles the words are clear but the real intention fuzzy.

This complexity may be the result of a curious kind of overtraining. We have all heard about his Grandfather Foster and Uncle Lansing, both Secretaries of State, and about those long years of yearning and studying to follow them. Perhaps he knows the job too well to learn it.

As a college boy he was taken by his uncle, later Wilson's Secretary of State, to the 1907 Hague Peace Conference, and he has lived among the virtuosos of high-level negotiation ever since. He entered diplomacy at the top, and never had to learn the arts of keeping quiet and listening, of reporting and co-ordinating, from the bottom.

His image of a Secretary seems to be drawn from a romantic version of the past, when the personal diplomat appeared as an individual performer on the international stage. Leaving the State Department to mind its own business, whatever that might be, Dulles flies to London, Paris, Manila, Denver, Duck Island, New Delhi, Cairo, and Geneva as his own ambassador and his own negotiator. Nonvisitation becomes a diplomatic weapon, as when, after the European Defense Community was beaten in 1954, he pointedly did

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not stop in to see Mendès-France. Personal visitation becomes a normal channel of policy. "It is silly," the Secretary said on television, "to go at it the old-fashioned way of exchanging notes, which take a month perhaps before you get a good understanding," when "by overnight flight" and "talking a few minutes face to face" the good understanding can be reached at once. But, as Walter Lippmann pointed out: "Mr. Dulles has traveled 310,000 miles, and can it be said that the globe is studded with good understandings?"

MR. DULLES goes at his job with the assurance of a skilled lawyer, able to develop all the elements of each side of the case, to make multiple and varying readings, and to remember the small print when it's necessary. His pronouncements—on neutralism, liberation, positive loyalty, massive retaliation, brinks of wars—are usually surrounded by a haze of qualifications and provisos, of interpretations, misinterpretations, and reinterpretations. He also seems well supplied with the lawyer's trust in formulas and pacts, in written words and formal agreements.

Another of Mr. Dulles's excesses shows up in his partisanship. Having been a prominent representative of bipartisan foreign policy, he seems eager to take the curse off that by heaping blame on the "Democrat" Party and paying strictest attention to Republican needs.

But behind these well-known aspects of the man, as the overtrained diplomat, the oversubtle lawyer, the over-Republican campaigner, may be a still more important aspect, the one Mr. Luce's publications unwittingly portray: the overconfident moralist. This may be the core of it, both the cause and the explanation of his lack of restraint in the other roles. "Into the counsels of his workaday diplomacy," the Luce people have explained, "he is admitting a criterion of absolute right and wrong."

The Cook and His Broth

Fifty-odd years ago John Foster Dulles was attending four services every Sunday in the First Presbyterian Church of Watertown, New York, of which his father was the minister. In addition, every Sunday he would memorize ten verses from the Psalms or the New Testament, and two verses of a hymn. As the Secretary has recalled, though it was a holy day it was not exactly a day of rest.

Almost twenty years ago John Foster Dulles attended two international conferences: one a League-sponsored gathering in Paris, on a subject in which he has long been interested, "Peaceful Change"; the other a religious meeting at Oxford, on church and state. The contrast between the "power politics" of the first and the idealism of the second made an impression on Mr. Dulles. After what he has called "thirty years of futility" in dealing with the evildoings of nations, he saw that "there was no way to solve the great perplexing international problems except by bringing to bear upon them the force of Christianity."

Fifteen years ago Mr. Dulles became the chairman and chief mover of the Protestant churches' Commission to study the bases of a Just and Durable Peace. "He, more than any other person," wrote one of his eminent colleagues in that venture, "was responsible for shaping the mind of the Protestant churches respecting the post-war world."

Dulles became one of those almost professional laymen who are taken up into the upper reaches of the churches' bureaucracies, a region teeming with conferences and flowing with the ink of resolutions. Mr. Dulles added mightily to the flow. As American Protestantism's chief committee sitter on international affairs, his reputation in the churches became immense.

When Mr. Dulles became Secretary of State in 1953 there was therefore considerable gratification among the country's Protestants that at last one of their own had made it. A cartoon in the *Christian Herald* showed this feeling: Dulles appeared as a cook, about to mix a bowl of foreign policy; he was reaching for canisters labeled MORAL LEADERSHIP, RELIGIOUS BACKGROUND, CHRISTIAN ETHICS, and CHURCHMANSHIP. The caption proudly claimed: "He brought some fine ingredients along."

After eating this cooking for three years, many of his admirers find that it leaves a bitter taste they didn't expect. This is partly the result of their impossibly idealistic expectations of what a certified good man could do. But partly it is the result of the way pretenders to ethical leadership in politics frequently bring about results they do not intend.

JUST AS Mr. Dulles's unique training in diplomacy means that he can carry on without consulting his staff, so his unique position in "moral leadership" means that he can speak on his own authority in that field. Maybe it would be better, in both, not to be quite so well qualified—and to realize that others may have something to contribute.

In a commencement speech he gave in 1946, Mr. Dulles said: "We laugh about the puritanism and austerity of the past. But that is the way our forebears trained their moral muscles for the struggle for freedom. Today these muscles are flabby. . . ." One sometimes has the impression that Mr. Dulles, far from flabby after all those years of weight lifting in the specialized gymnasium of professional moral leadership, has become somewhat morally muscle-bound.

This overdeveloped ethical confidence may help to account for the other dominant element of his public personality, his toughness. The Presbyterian elder, when he ran for the Senate in 1949, turned out to be a surprisingly rough campaigner. He challenged his opponent, Herbert Lehman, to prove that "if elected he would not unwittingly be a carrier of danger into high places." And he warned the voters that "it is up to you in this election to decide whether or not you will do what the Russian Communists want." And when this spokesman for moral force became Secretary of State he showed a startling ability to adapt himself to the hard requirements of Republican politics in the era of McCarthy. The student of a Just and Durable Peace became the stiffest talker on the team, not only toward the Communists but toward neutrals and allies as well, and also turned up as the advocate of "massive retaliatory power." One is also impressed by the revelations of his swashbuckling derring-do on the brink of war.

All of this may reflect that compensatory worldliness which is often

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adopted by those who are formally connected with goodness. The preacher says a cuss word or tells a joke to make it plain he's a real guy after all. A man who has known Mr. Dulles says he overdoes the part of the rugged realist just because he is eager to avoid any accusation of sentimentality that might be brought forth by his churchly doings.

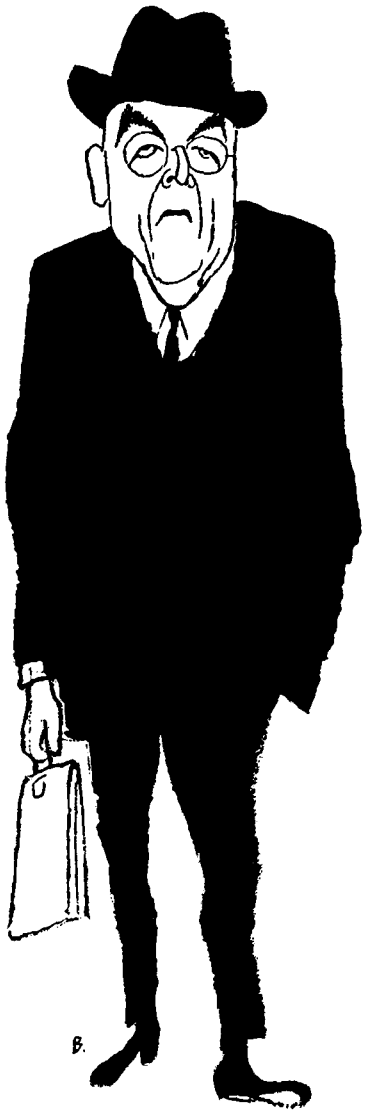
But the Calvinist-Puritan-Presbyterian tradition Dulles comes from isn't as sentimental as some strands of American Protestantism anyway. In that Presbyterian Church back in Watertown there wouldn't have been as much talk of love and harmony and brotherhood as one would get later, farther west and in more liberal churches. There would probably be more talk of Holy Law and righteousness and the solid, sober Calvinistic virtues.

Mr. Dulles represents characteristic virtues of that tradition: an unfrivolous sense of responsibility, an untiring pursuit of duty, an unbending opposition to what he regards as evil. He may also represent some characteristic vices of that tradition, including an undue confidence that one has identified evil once and for all and that it's on the other fellow's side. When you've got it arranged that way, you can talk tough and be moral at the same time.

We're Good, They're Bad

In the years he spent with Protestant agencies Mr. Dulles tried to bring their airborne hopes down nearer to the ground of possibility. He spoke regularly of the "discipline of the achievable." But though his politics was more sophisticated than that of many of his Protestant colleagues, his philosophy was not: ". . . Moral force is the only force that can accomplish great things in the world." And again: "... the great issue of our time is a moral issue, namely, the acceptance by individual human beings of the dictates of the moral law."

Such affirmations may serve primarily as self-endorsement for those who hear them. People in the congregation tend to think of themselves as the prime bearers of that moral force and acceptors of that moral law. Without the saving grace of self-awareness, the simple moral ideas may be comfortably separated



from actions; as in Mr. Dulles's case, they may provide very little indication of what a believer will actually do. What they may provide instead is self-righteousness in the doing.

Behind his complicated daily political operation is a simple ethical outlook. What is lacking in between, displaced by the moralism, is a political philosophy adequate for the time and position in which Mr. Dulles serves.

Or maybe what's missing is the sort of intuitive understanding and empathy that serves the President in place of a philosophy. Most other points of view in our time, including religious ones, have found some way to understand and come to terms with diversities of points of view. But the constant exercising of those Puritan muscles on "absolute right and wrong" can leave a man unable to bend, to see how right and wrong may look from the other fellow's position. Without at least some sense of relativity, the American moralist can end up talking a language no one else in the world understands.

WHAT IS WORSE, the language may not mean a thing. There is a habit, among those for whom preaching is a central activity, to delight in the mere sound of stern, demanding words and then, like Channing's father, to go whistling home to a warm house and big dinner. Sometimes one feels that what admirers of Mr. Dulles want most is just for somebody to say, and to keep on saying, that we are good and the Communists are not.

The typical Protestant is unhappy with the cool and rational practitioners of the diplomatic art because there is nothing in their counsel about restraint, limited wars, and the modest pursuit of the national interest to which one can respond with *zeal*. And yet issues of world politics, of whether humanity will go over the brink, are dramatic and moving; they should be dealt with in a way that a man can respond to with a revivalist enthusiasm.

Mr. Dulles can do it. To the National Council of Presbyterian Men, for example, he told the story of the Japanese Peace Treaty, of which he himself had been the chief artisan:

"Four years ago, speaking here, I said that moral power was the greatest power in the world. . . . Now here is a new exhibit: the Japanese Peace Treaty.

"There were two possible powers to invoke, the power of evil or the power of good. . . . We had to go all out in one direction or another. Half measures would not avail. . . ." Mr. Dulles explained which of the two powers he had invoked, all the way, in drawing up the Treaty. Now that's the kind of foreign policy the evangelistic heritage really can respond to. Of course, others gave a slightly different picture of the treaty, particularly of Mr. Dulles's own pressure, despite a promise to the British, to make Japan recognize Nationalist China. But details like that would have spoiled the dramatic simplicity.

The emphasis on zeal, boldness,

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and dynamism recurs continually, and usually in conjunction with morality. Mr. Dulles always puts the best face on everything, finding diplomatic gains for us even in the Geneva Foreign Ministers' Conference, avoiding any admission of weakness or loss, claiming that our system of alliances is better than ever, asserting that changes in Russia since Stalin's death are the result of our own dynamic policies. Talk strong.

'Liberation'—Before and After

The "liberation" theme, set over against the "negative" and "sterile" doctrine of "containment," is an example. Mr. Dulles, its chief proponent, said that since it would be immoral and undynamic to leave the satellites under Soviet control, the United States should proclaim its intention to "liberate" them. This energetic declaration of intent, however, was all that could be done. On taking office the Administration made a few lame gestures against the Yalta agreements, but then the dynamic Eisenhower-Dulles policy more or less forgot about "liberation." For one thing, it scared the daylights out of our European Allies; for another, it seemed to encourage our friends behind the Iron Curtain to rise, and maybe get killed, when we had no real intention of going to war to rescue them. Elmer Davis once described it as a policy of "You throw off your chains, and we'll give three cheers." The favorable response of Polish voters in Hamtramck and Buffalo to the "liberation" theme gave to its no doubt sincere proponents a mixture of motives; it is always helpful when ethical convictions turn out handily to serve one's more earthbound interests. But in the end these splendid sounds may prove to be neither dynamic nor even, after all, particularly moral.

Perhaps American foreign policy should try to *be* moral—and not spend so much time labeling itself. Perhaps it should try to present programs that evoke zeal—instead of trying to drum up zeal by talking about it. The words may mean nothing; they may rouse passions where thought would serve better. Worse, they may forge a divine ratification of one group's preferences.

The diplomatic moralizer has a weapon that those who argue policies on more rational grounds do not have; he can simply draw a line that excludes some possibilities as immoral. Maybe the policies Mr.

Dulles doesn't like can be proved mistaken, but it ought to be necessary to *prove* it—instead of simply ruling them out from the unassailable pinnacle of "absolute right and wrong."

The Tactless Diplomat

It may be Mr. Dulles's self-confidence, as the man who is right, the moral tough guy, that explains his remarkable collection of *gaffes*. He told European governments that unless the European Defense Community was enacted, it would be hard to get Congress to continue foreign aid, thereby seeming to use our money as a weapon against our Allies. He said the defeat of Adenauer by the German voters would be "disastrous," thereby adding to the impression that the United States bluntly interferes in other countries' internal politics. He suggested that our pro-Italian Trieste policy might be revised, thereby angering Italy without appreciably pleasing Yugoslavia. He called off aid to Israel, and then, after a visit from a Republican candidate for mayor of New York City, reinstated it, thereby seeming to tie U.S. policy to the needs of local politics. He called Goa a "province," thereby seeming to take the Portuguese and colonialist side and angering the Indians. When he gave General Naguib a pistol of President Eisenhower's as a gift, he said, "This is for keeping the peace, not for war." On another occasion he said that Arabs dislike Jews because Mohammed was killed by a Jew. In Karachi he spoke of the need for building up local forces to resist aggression, which annoyed India; in New Delhi he guaranteed that India would find the United States on India's side if Pakistan attacked, which annoyed Pakistan. It may be precisely because he thinks of himself as sort of a moral "poor man's Metternich" that he seems also to be what one writer has called "the man born with a silver foot in his mouth."

IDEALS have a way of beginning as a means of self-examination and ending as means of self-aggrandizement. "Freedom" can be the battle cry of those who free slaves or the slogan of those who increase profits. "Moral law" can be used for trying ourselves or for exposing the deficiencies of those who stand in our way. "Individual dignity" can be the source of respect for an employee or the excuse for breaking his union. The invocation of the spiritual difference between us and the Communists may serve to clarify and criticize our actions—or only to justify what we are already doing for other reasons. These moral lawyers have to be watched, particularly when their high-sounding claims actually justify complacency.

The continual insistence that we have the moral initiative, as though the proclaiming of it made it so, may have this worse result: By its tone and language it may offend those with whom it is important to have that initiative—say in Southeast Asia or in the Arab States—and serve to discredit all appeals to conscience in world politics. We unite freedom, morality, and commitment to the United States in a bundle; the uncommitted nations don't always see it that way. These ethical claims can be the source of unrestrained cockiness even toward allies. There seems to be the feeling that because we are right, we can act unilaterally—proclaim a righteous policy of "united action" in Indo-China, for example, without consulting France and Britain.

MR. DULLES said on coming into office that his would be a policy of "openness, simplicity, and righteousness." That "righteousness" may be a cause of the increased isolation of the United States from neutrals and allies that some see as the great danger of the present day.

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NATO
On the Operating Table

ALASTAIR BUCHAN

NATO today is like a man suffering from an intractable disease. His doctors have decided that cheerful words, fresh air, and a healthy diet are not going to put him on his feet and have packed him off to a hospital. But even after they have used probe, stethoscope, and X ray, the cure for his wasting malady still eludes them. New symptoms develop as old ones are diagnosed: There must be further blood tests and consultations, and one day soon a decision to operate.

The leading physician is Lester Pearson, Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs, who along with his Italian and Norwegian colleagues has undertaken to study throughout this summer the whole problem of NATO's function and aims in the changed climate of international affairs, and to make recommendations to a meeting of the NATO Foreign Ministers in October. It was the disastrous NATO meeting of May that made the re-examination essential. Every Foreign Minister arrived at that conference with a long set speech about the need to invigorate the organization, with the result that there was no time to discuss or decide anything. But as Mr. Pearson and his two associates pursue their conversations and investigations it becomes clear just how hard it is going to be to reorganize NATO in a fashion that will enable it to function effectively during a period when Russia's military threat to Europe remains static and potential while its intention to isolate the West economically and politically from the underdeveloped and uncommitted third of the world becomes more active and apparent every month. For though it is very easy to recognize that the NATO powers have an even greater need than ever to coordinate and integrate their policies now that the threat is world-wide rather than European, the act of will needed to subordinate national policies to international scrutiny is harder than ever to achieve.

Questions and Answers

At the moment, the NATO governments have before them thirty-two questions posed by the three Foreign Ministers in an attempt to elicit what ideas they have for reorganizing the machinery of NATO consultation and how far they are prepared to use it. On the first point the ideas are plentiful. On the second, it is only too likely that there will be pietism and evasion, especially on the part of Britain and the United States. Private conversations at the Foreign Office, the State Department, and the Quai d'Orsay have revealed how short a distance the major powers are prepared to go in submitting their policies to NATO before taking action.

Would Britain, frustrated in direct diplomacy, now be prepared to take to NATO the question of finding a formula for self-determination in Cyprus that was acceptable to both Greece and Turkey? No. Sir Anthony Eden drew cheers in the House of Commons when he said as much on July 12. Britain could not abrogate its responsibility in this way, though it might be prepared to have the NATO Council determine the date for self-determination.

Since eighty per cent of western Europe's oil now comes from the Middle East and half of that through the Suez Canal, would both Britain and the United States be prepared to recognize through closer consultation within NATO the genuineness of the whole of NATO's interest in the Middle Eastern question? Well, maybe. The United States would certainly keep NATO governments informed, but it has many bilateral commitments in the area that make the right of independent action essential.

Could there be some assurance that an action like Mr. Dulles's gratuitous support of Portugal's retention of its colony of Goa on the Indian coast, which has affected the standing of the whole West in Asia, would not occur again? The United States has its own responsibilities as a great power.

Would France accept a closer association of NATO with its Algerian policy? France desires NATO's support in North Africa, not its advice.

No one, of course, desires to make NATO into the only clearinghouse of western policy. There is no support, for instance, for the idea of channeling western economic aid to underdeveloped countries through it. The United Nations and the Colombo Plan are much more acceptable instruments. There is no thought of asking, for example, that the United States should clear its policy toward Formosa or Japan through NATO. But words still have a head start over deeds on the central question of whether the member nations—and in particular Britain and the United States—will raise the priority they give to NATO by associating it with policies that affect the direct interests of NATO as a whole even if they concern areas like Cyprus beyond the boundaries of NATO.

Unanimity Rule

This does not mean that a great deal cannot be done to improve the machinery of consultation. In the British view, a farce like the May meeting of the NATO Foreign Ministers could be avoided if there were more frequent short meetings, called to discuss one or at most two or three particular subjects, such as Iceland, or the cost of supporting West Germany, or Middle Eastern oil, instead of the present system of "verbal globe-trotting" twice a year. The Canadians have pointed to the useful practice of the Colombo Plan, where meetings of Ministers are always preceded by a week's meeting of their officials so that minor dif-

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ficulties and misunderstandings can be eliminated and the real point at issue can be properly defined. Another suggestion is that the present unanimity rule should be abandoned in favor of a system of voting. Much of the reluctance of the great powers to submit questions of high policy to the NATO Council derives from this necessity of getting the agreement of fourteen other governments. It is argued that the unanimity rule tends to produce the lowest common denominator of agreement and to tie the hands of the great powers. But to abandon it would be a severe blow to the morale of the smaller members.

Personnel Problems

There has been a considerable amount of criticism recently of the Atlantic Council, the body of permanent representatives in Paris. It is argued first that its members, mostly career ambassadors, have too little influence with the heads of their own governments, and second that they have developed a kind of corporate amicableness which leads to the shoving of unpleasant subjects under the rug. There is a case for raising their status, and Mr. C. L. Sulzberger has even gone so far as to suggest in the New York *Times* that the United States, if it wants to revitalize NATO, should appoint the defeated Presidential candidate as its NATO ambassador. If this were to be ex-President Eisenhower, returning to Paris after four years' leave in Washington, it would certainly be one of the greatest ironies of contemporary history.

In the absence of a real act of will on the part of the great powers, there is one possible development that might enhance the prestige and effectiveness of NATO in spite of them. This would be to raise the status of the Secretary-General of NATO to a position analogous to that of the Secretary-General of the United Nations. Lord Ismay, a royal staff officer by training and temperament, has regarded himself as the servant of the fifteen governments. If, when he retires next year, he were to be succeeded—as most people agree is necessary—by a politician from a smaller country and therefore free of any stigma of speaking for the big powers, it is possible that NATO itself could begin to acquire an independent momentum.

It is true that the Secretary-General of the United Nations has independent powers and obligations of his own under the U.N. Charter which the Secretary-General of NATO does not possess. But one has only to recall how greatly the prestige of the United Nations has risen under Dag Hammarskjold as compared to the time of Trygve Lie to realize the part that a man's own conception of his functions can play. By a skillful mixture of knowledge, hard work, publicity, and cajolery a man in that position at NATO could persuade member governments to do things to which, left to themselves, they would not agree.

There are three NATO Foreign Ministers whose qualifications would fit them to do for NATO what Hammarskjold has done for the U.N.—Halvard Lange of Norway, Paul-Henri Spaak of Belgium, and Lester Pearson himself. Of these, Pearson is considered by far the strongest choice, for he is both tough and discreet, a trained diplomat turned politician, trusted both in London and Washington and able to speak to both with an authority that only Canada commands, a skillful lobbyist and publicist for what he thinks is right. Whether he would take the Secretary-Generalship of NATO next year after the Canadian elections is anybody's guess, including his own. But he could certainly do more to revitalize NATO from the inside than he could do as one of its Foreign Ministers.

Britain's Complaints

But the political structure of NATO is based upon its military foundations, and while the political leaders have been concentrating on the need to strengthen the former, signs have begun to appear of strains and cracks in the latter.

The original theory of 1949 that, given a strong injection of American military aid for several years, the European members could assume the lion's share of the ground defense of Europe has foundered on several rocks: the difficulties, political and economic, of raising manpower; the increasing dependence on American technology and aid in guided missiles and new tactical atomic weapons that alone could replace mobilized manpower; the reluctance of the Germans to rearm; the disappearance of the French divisions to North Africa. Today, the defense of western Europe is based on thirty divisions, but of these only some thirteen or fifteen can be called first-class, and of these fifteen, six are American and four are British—two-thirds of the total. Thus Britain and the United States are playing exactly the opposite role to that for which they cast themselves—providing not only most of the technical support but the forward troops as well.

The realization of this situation has given rise to a certain sense of grievance on the part of Britain, for unlike any other European power, it alone carries the costs of a world-wide system of defense which it can be argued is as vital to NATO's interests as to its own. Britain has more than a hundred thousand soldiers scattered between British Guiana and Hong Kong in various forms of garrison, and a navy and an air force that still cover three oceans.

Several other pressures have begun to converge simultaneously on the British government. In the first place, there are its own economic difficulties—inflation and a stubbornly unsatisfactory export balance. About two months ago, Harold Macmillan, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in an otherwise unremarkable review of Britain's economic difficulties before the Foreign Press Association, told his audience that Britain was spending, as compared with western Europe, "nearly twice as large a share of our resources on our defense." Then beaming, he said, but "suppose our figure was five, not nine per cent. I think this particular piece of speculative arithmetic is illuminating—indeed tantalizing. It would mean a saving of 700 million pounds, and if only half were shifted into exports, it would completely transform our foreign balance." Though the Chancellor might describe his idea of halving the defense budget as "a pipe dream," it has become clear that the government really is going to try to reduce its annual defense budget of some £1.5 billion by a quarter.

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Britain is entering its George Humphrey period.

There is a political pressure. The Conservative government not only must halt inflation if it is to justify itself to its middle-class supporters, it has also half committed itself to the abolition of conscription in 1958. Now the Labour Opposition has taken it up, and demanded an even larger reduction in defense expenditure.

There is the change in Russian policy, so graphically explained by Khrushchev to Sir Anthony Eden, and recently cross-checked with other of Khrushchev's recent interlocutors at the conference of Commonwealth Prime Ministers in London. Somehow or other, when western policy becomes unfrozen again after the Presidential elections, Britain has got to find its share of a much larger Anglo-British-European program for economic aid and loans to the underdeveloped areas.

There are also the needling pressures exerted by Russia's decision to make a large unilateral reduction in its armed forces and Marshal Bulganin's suggestion of June 6 that the four great powers should start unilateral reductions of their forces in Germany.

Finally, there is the question of the uncertain future of Germany, and whether it is desirable, even if possible, to go on pressing for German rearmament instead of negotiating for a reunified Germany on the basis of its guaranteed neutrality outside NATO.

The Trip Wire

None of these factors would be decisive on its own, but the combination of them has led to a determination in London to reduce the burden of defense expenditure. There are three possible areas of economy. One would be to integrate research and production fully with the United States, abandoning any attempt to produce British nuclear weapons, guided missiles, and fighter aircraft. Eventually this may have to come, but with an Administration in Washington that seems afraid to lead Congress, people of all parties in Britain fear that Britain would thereby lose all influence over American policy. A second possibility would be to reduce Britain's imperial commitments—getting, for instance, Australia to assume greater responsibility for Malaya. But the scope for economies of real political glamour is very limited.

The third possibility is to develop a new and more economical strategy for NATO that would eliminate the necessity for larger numbers of ground troops. Thus it is that Eden, only two years after taking the historically unprecedented step of committing four British divisions to European defense, is now looking for ways of removing them. Thus it is that the theory of the "trip wire" or "the plate-glass window" has become as fashionable in London recently as it was in Washington in 1953, when George Humphrey and Charles Wilson were first trying to trim the United States budget to Republican tastes and taxes. The defense of Europe, it is argued, rests ultimately on the fact that the Russians know that if they commit an act of aggression there they will unloose the full fury of American and British strategic nuclear bombing. What is needed on the ground, therefore, is not a force of troops large enough to repel or resist aggression, but one that can serve as the wire or the glass that constitutes the burglar alarm.

Lester Pearson

This is a most seductive theory for hard-pressed politicians, for it means that a great deal of the costly NATO effort on the ground could be eliminated and the troops brought home. But it fills General Gruenther and his staff at Supreme Headquarters with the deepest alarm.

IN THE military view, the present force of four British and six American divisions in Germany represents just about the narrowest trip wire or thinnest plate-glass window that can be contemplated with safety. Strategic retaliation is not something that happens automatically. The B-52s and B-47s will not take off from South Dakota and North Africa just because a Russian division rolls into Denmark or west Berlin. It takes time and painful, protracted international consultation before retaliation, which means a third world war, can be organized. During that time, whether it be four hours or four days, adequate ground forces are needed to "define aggression" by combat on the spot.

Furthermore, the NATO staff fears that if Britain were unilaterally to reduce its contribution to NATO it would start a landslide of competitive reductions among the other countries, notably in the United States. Admiral Arthur W. Radford's recent leak that the United States is contemplating a large unilateral reduction of American forces and Dulles's apparent concurrence vividly reinforce their fears. (It is difficult to understand why Harold E. Stassen had to spend the whole of the recent disarmament debate explaining to the Russians and British the Pentagon's view that the United States needed two and half million men to fulfill its commitments to NATO, when the Pentagon was preparing to pull the rug out from under him.)

The ripples of alarm in Bonn, Washington, and the smaller capitals that Britain's revival of the facile "trip-wire" theory has occasioned have already been sufficient to cause second thoughts in Whitehall. In this perhaps lies the best hope for revitalizing NATO. Clearly a major overhaul of the military plan for the defense of Europe is overdue. A more economical system for guaranteeing Europe against the rise of Russia as a great naval and air power has distorted the original defensive concept out of all recognition by forcing NATO to expand its defenses into areas never

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foreseen. The defect of Gruenther's virtue as an able salesman for NATO has been that the process of difficult military re-evaluation has been delayed too long.

ONE THING is certain: No country, including the United Kingdom and the United States, is any longer prepared to maintain the type of expensive all-purpose army divisions that NATO plans have hitherto called for. There seem to be two alternatives.

First, if the twelve German divisions do not materialize, either through inertia or a different approach to German reunification, it will be necessary to abandon the fiction that every yard of NATO territory is defensible and to concentrate a politically and economically supportable force of perhaps fifteen divisions centrally behind the Rhine, capable of striking wherever Russian aggression or intimidation is attempted. The United States Army's advocacy of airborne mobile reserves is viewed with the utmost sympathy in London and Paris, but such a concept is prohibitively expensive for any other power than the United States.

Second, if the present forward strategy is maintained, it will be necessary to reorganize divisions into smaller formations of ten thousand instead of eighteen thousand men. Such formations, both American and non-American, would have to be equipped with tactical atomic weapons. The decision of 1954 to use these weapons to stiffen NATO forces has meant nothing, because only American forces have been allowed to receive them. Within two or three years British tactical atomic weapons and missiles will be available, but meanwhile only the United States can provide the weaponry the NATO alliance needs.

Can NATO stand the strain of planning and controlling the military reforms that are essential? With the impending retirement of Gruenther, Ismay, and Marshal Juin, a new generation of men will take control of SHAPE and NATO. If new men like General Lauris Norstad and probably Pearson can make NATO what it was originally intended to be—the powerhouse of military decisions—it will regain its vitality whatever its political functions may be.

West German Socialism: Aura of Respectability

PAUL MOOR

MUNICH

AT THE END of the Social Democrats' biennial convention here the other day, the delegates arose, joined hands, and sang the militant old song, "Brüder zur Sonne zur Freiheit," but they sang it with respectable moderation. At the end, where by old German working-class tradition the singers cry "*Freundschaft!*" and raise their fists in the leftist salute, the cry died in an embarrassed mumble and the salute looked like the gesture of a subway rider reaching languidly for a strap.

Long ago at the time of the great party split, the Communists took over all the more militant trappings of Marxism, and although the Social Democrats here still addressed one another as *Genosse* (comrade), German Socialists have become almost obesely bourgeois and respectable.

This was at least the outward appearance presented by the five-day convention. Pre-convention soundings in Bonn had indicated a considerably increased grass-roots support for the party's left wing, but whatever this may have amounted to was efficiently thrashed out, and during the convention there wasn't so much as a peep out of the left-wingers. Probably the very genuine possibility of the S.P.D.'s receiving the largest vote in next year's election impressed upon them the prudence of political realism.

The openness of the S.P.D.'s campaign to enlist support from almost every conceiveable quarter has a certain naïve charm. To the Communists, and to Chancellor Konrad Adenauer and his Christian Democratic Union, they give little more than the back of their hand; but, with an eye to coalition possibilities in the next Bundestag, they have done themselves no harm with the Free Democrats by relinquishing almost totally any notions about nationalizing even basic industries, and they have made a bid for Refugee Party support by denouncing the present Oder-Neisse German-Polish border.

The discipline outwardly manifest in today's S.P.D. has no comparison this side of the Iron Curtain. The delegates' tables were always filled. Those delegates who patronized the buffet did not dally. And when it came to voting on the six sweeping motions submitted by the party executive at the end of the second day, one heard six times the chairman's monotonous incantation: "Those in favor? Those opposed? Abstentions? The motion is carried unanimously." No, *five* times—at one point one lone delegate, possibly bucking for some sort of Purple Heart, raised his hand in splendid opposition, but the atmosphere was so earnest that nobody even laughed. A few hours later, at a *Bierabend* in the Salvatorkeller, one could hear one of the old-guard party leaders mumbling into his brew that there was no more democracy in the S.P.D. and that the delegates were all a lot of ninnies, but by that time the convention was all sacked and sewed up.

God's Angry Man

If the S.P.D. should come to power, one can expect to hear from the left wing again loud and often. Its most colorful, impressive, and perhaps most influential member is Herbert Wehner, who was elected to Saxony's Landtag in 1930 and served on the Communist Party's Central Committee in 1932. After 1933, his underground work took him many times on round trips from Moscow to central, eastern, and western Europe, to Spain, and finally to Sweden. There he was arrested. During his imprisonment he abandoned the Communist philosophy. Wehner is as hated by the Communists today as was west Berlin's ex-Communist Mayor Ernst Reuter, but he is also the object of considerable apprehension among even his present political companions in the S.P.D., where he

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has been active the ten years since he got out of stir.

There are impressive statistical grounds for taking Wehner seriously. In the Hamburg suburb of Harbur, in the 1949 Bundestag election, Wehner received forty-eight per cent of the vote, and in the 1953 election 46.4 per cent. (Incidentally, the Communist Party, in the same place and the same elections, declined from 10.6 to 4.8 per cent.) Wehner is chary with words, and is more respected than liked. Though his face beamed when, during the convention, he was presented with an enormous bouquet of carnations on his fiftieth birthday, he soon resumed his severe expression, his mouth returned to its accustomed bitterness, and he barricaded himself behind his carnations and manifested his usually vocal and contentious presence only by the cloud of smoke rising from the most famous pipe in the Bundestag. Wehner's usual almost totally humorless role is that of God's angry man. His road to Damascus was obviously a rocky one. When he rises in the Bundeshaus, he speaks in a powerful voice usually choked with rage. His trust he does not grant lightly, and reiterated American emphasis of his Red background has aroused in him an especially bitter response. He is energetic, intelligent, ambitious, and, within the S.P.D., influential. And he is the man who may one day head what is today only the second strongest party in West Germany but which would be the strongest in a reunified nation.

Adenauer *Uber Alles*

"Inept" and "maladroit" are gentle terms for what can only laughably be called the relations that have existed between the American Embassy in Bonn and Germany's second party. While Dr. Conant commands high respect, it is the traditional respect accorded the scientist and the intellectual in Europe; politically, although all Bonn recognizes him as a man of genuine good will, he is regarded by the pros as playing far out of his league. At the other extreme of the Embassy hierarchy are the underlings, who realize that not just the Christian Democratic Union but only that faction of it in devoted allegiance to Dr. Adenauer represents in State Department eyes the alpha and omega as far as U.S. policy is concerned. It is these employees who carry out an almost lickspittle policy of doing everything they can to help the Chancellor, even up to and including the voluntary digging up and passing on of material that might come in handy in an election campaign. In between these two extremes falls a group of intelligent, trained, expert professional diplomats who have as clear a view of the Bonn scene as anyone alive.

But while the situation is not quite what it was under John J. McCloy (when the High Commissioner excised whole passages from what his experts concertedly recommended cabling to Washington, and when what S.P.D. leaders told McCloy in confidence became known to Adenauer), the experts know that Dr. Conant knows what Mr. Dulles *wants* to know, and this results in cabled reports to Washington so diluted as to have earned this able but inhibited group a reputation as yes men even among their American associates. Voices from the lower Embassy levels have urged that the S.P.D. press be stricken from the invitation list to American military shows, the reasoning being that the S.P.D., being left of Adenauer, is therefore closer to Communism. If the S.P.D. were to come to power next year on the same terms with our representatives that it enjoys now, U.S.-West German relations would be not far from disastrous.

It is not that the S.P.D. wouldn't *like* to be friendly. It has as cordial relations with the British Embassy as when the Labour Party was in power; a Socialist victory in Germany next year would cause, if anything, merely a momentary ripple in the relations between Bonn and London. To accord the S.P.D. the consideration and respect due the loyal opposition, in the British sense of the term, seems beyond the capability of our representatives in Bonn, at least under their present indoctrination. Week by week, Dr. Adenauer's position comes more and more to approximate that of Syngman Rhee and Chiang, and the present fierce American devotion to him rapidly becomes anachronistically unreal. Since G.I. rowdyism and crime recently received such wide and sensational publicity as to occupy the time and utterances of state leaders and even the Foreign Minister, something drastic is needed to salvage American prestige.

Farewell to Arms?

The S.P.D. is staking much on its conviction that the July passage of the conscription law does not reflect German popular opinion and desire. The issue is far from settled, regardless of its Bundestag passage. Professors at the University of Würzburg have published an open letter to President Heuss, reminding him of a now highly inconvenient 1949 statement of his to the effect that he was "absolutely" opposed to a German army, "no matter who might command it," and asking him to "be a man of his word" and not sign the conscription bill. In the Bundesrat, the Provinces of Bavaria, North Rhine-Westphalia, Hesse, and Bremen have already declared they will vote to kill the law; they have 17 out of 38 votes, and other provinces are yet to be heard from.

During the Munich convention, a telegram was read from the German Association of Students commending the Socialist view on conscription; the chairman remarked with satisfaction that the Association claims 140,000 members. The S.P.D. also estimates there are two million conscientious objectors and pacifists in Germany of voting age. The total registered S.P.D. membership is only about 800,000. Martial music still excites a response in Germany, but there exists a strong, sober realization among West Germans, led by such S.P.D. stalwarts as Wehner, that introduction of conscription here will make reunification infinitely more difficult.

The S.P.D., significantly, was the first German party to devote an entire day of its convention to the "Second Industrial Revolution" effected by nuclear energy and automation. As far as a realistic view of the present-day scene is concerned, the S.P.D. is hep, and certainly its stands on conscription and reunification have strong appeal for Germans weary of just sitting around and listening to the arteries of the Christian Democrats harden.

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Report from Red China: II—'We Must Go Make Happy'

PETER SCHMID

SHANGHAI

DRUMS . . . drums . . . drums. It seems to me that the drums of Shanghai will go on resounding in my ears for the rest of my life. Even as I sat writing in my hotel room, I heard them booming up from the street, mingled with songs roaring out of the loudspeakers at the intersections. Gay, lively, catchy marching tunes ring out incessantly. But Shanghai's impression of surging new life is false. It is amazing how different the new China looks here, as compared with Peking. In Peking you feel a sense of growth, confidence, pride. Here, in this great international port which has been virtually reduced to a provincial city, everything breathes decay.

"Thank God all this hullaballoo will be ending tomorrow," I said to a friend who lives in the city.

"It never ends," he replied with that despairing sadness which is the prevalent note among all foreigners here now. "If it stops tomorrow, it will start again the day after."

He was right, for no matter what the pretext for the celebration there is always the same to-do: drums, loudspeakers, banners, marchers trudging through the streets with dogged, tired faces, as though silently repudiating the cause they are compelled to affirm so noisily. Each one of these parades is headed by two men carrying a drum which a third pounds frantically. Then comes a red placard with the character for happiness and good fortune inscribed in gold—it looks almost like a four-leaf clover. Then, wreathed with garlands, the face of Big Brother Mao, that ubiquitous countenance which, after you have been in China a short while, begins to haunt your dreams.

It is obvious that no protest is going to be voiced by these pale, expressionless faces—faces too weary for expression. The drum is in command. Just as Pavlov's dogs secreted saliva at the sound of a bell, the corners of these Chinese mouths twitch upward toward the ears on command, and the teeth flash. One day when my friend asked his chauffeur what he would be doing in the evening, the reply was a shrug. "We must go make happy," the chauffeur said.

'You Will Never Understand'

I attended the grand official function at the Soviet Friendship House, where big and small entrepreneurs of Shanghai, from the captains of industry down to the small handicraft

Mao

shopkeepers, begged the state to be so kind as to take over their enterprises and merge them into a so-called "joint operation"—which is nothing but a transitional step to complete socialization. Never in my life have I seen people more enthusiastic, more eager to surrender what was theirs, than these Chinese capitalists. Their faces were beaming as the president of their association handed the petition to the vice-mayor of Shanghai. Young dandies who still carried about them a faint air of fashionable night clubs stepped up to the microphone and with glowing eyes made their confession of faith: They had now realized, they said, that socialism was the true path for China. (On such occasions the word "Communism" is avoided, in order not to overstrain the weak-nerved.) Young ladies in silk brocades, having just given up their property to the benevolent state, extended their arms with almost voluptuous cries of enthusiasm.

Then, as if ostentatiously to seal the alliance between the people and the capitalists, the masses from the street thronged in and marched right through the band of former exploiters who had now become their friends. Thousands upon thousands marched through the building, carrying banners, portraits of Mao, placards bearing the character for happiness, and drums whose thunder echoed from the ceilings as though Judgment Day were approaching. And the capitalists clapped on and on, frenetically, as though they had to overfulfill a quota of applause.

"A western reactionary like yourself will never understand this," my interpreter commented when I expressed my astonishment. And the fact is, I don't understand it. I have been a drama critic long enough to be able to distinguish the solid tones of conviction from the hollowness of hypocrisy. These Shanghai businessmen were not merely playing a part.

Of Cabbage and Mr. King

"You can't believe a word that any Chinese tells you," one of the shrewdest British businessmen in Shanghai informed me. "Everybody smiles, everybody's happy, and in their hearts they are perishing with fear."

Well, they won't fool me, I thought.

I paid a call on one of the leading dress shops in Shanghai, where even the mannequins in the window were adorned with the character for happiness. Mr. King, the owner, received me with great friendliness, and although I had come unannounced, he gave me information

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with amazing candor about things that western businessmen would keep to themselves. Mr. King and his brother had started out as ordinary tailors; today they had three dress factories in Shanghai, manufacturing ready-made dresses for their own stores or for the state dress shop which was soon to be opened. In the past year his sales amounted to 400,000 yuan (about $175,000). The government allowed him a profit of two per cent.

"When the business is semi-nationalized, will you also receive a percentage of the sales?" I asked. It was a rhetorical question; I knew quite well that he would not. Mr. King would be permitted to go on running his business as though nothing had happened. But he would no longer be an independent businessman; he would be a government employee with a fixed salary—and a very low one at that. He admitted to me that this question had not yet been settled; he expected to receive about 100 yuan a month (approximately $45). The income from the business would flow into the Treasury, no share in the profits going to the entrepreneur. The assets the entrepreneur had invested in the business would be estimated, and the state would pay him annual interest on their value. Mr. King said that the base for this interest had not yet been established.

"What's that?" I exclaimed. "You have asked the state to take a share in your business without even knowing the conditions?"

The old fellow gave a somewhat embarrassed smile. His young son came to his aid. "We are doing this out of patriotism," he commented. And my interpreter added his usual: "You will never understand it."

"MAY I have a pencil?" I said. And then I did a few sums for Mr. King. "In the past year you received two per cent of 400,000 yuan. That amounts to an annual income of 8,000 yuan net. In the semi-nationalized firm you expect an annual salary of 1,200 yuan. What do your assets amount to?"

"Twenty thousand yuan."

"Very well, let us reckon with a high rate of interest of four per cent; that makes 800 yuan. To sum it up, you'll be getting 2,000 yuan, a fourth of what you earned as a free businessman even with prices controlled."

Mr. King threw a helpless look at my interpreter. "But I did not earn 8,000 yuan," he suddenly explained. "That's a purely theoretical sum. The costs in our business are so high that it's hard, if not impossible, to make the margin of profit the government allows. That margin is calculated for the most efficient large-scale concerns. We little fellows don't have a chance. Besides, there is the overhead on the maintenance of shops, the taxes . . ." Mr. King paused, sighing. "We expect that as share-owners in the semi-nationalized business we shall do better than we have up to now."

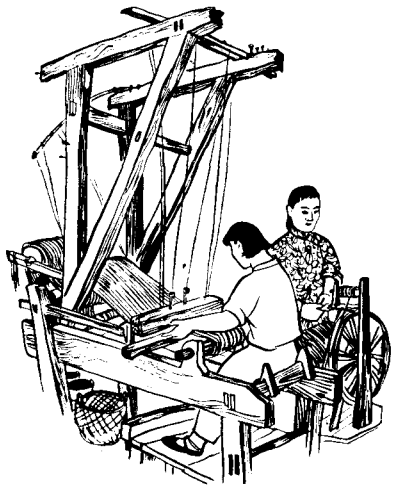
Now it was clear. Through price control, oppressive taxation, and other political pressures, Mr. King had already been driven to the verge of bankruptcy and was by now more than delighted to escape all his vexing problems by becoming associated with the state, even under the most restrictive conditions.

Hitting the Nail on the Head

Mr. King was at pains not to voice the slightest criticism of the treatment he had received. But there are foreign businessmen in Shanghai who are less reticent. They have been and still are being forced by similar devices to make a "voluntary" gift to the state of concerns worth millions of dollars.

The main instrument of expropriation is taxation. The rates are not even particularly high—a mere 35.5 per cent of the net earnings. But as in Mr. King's case, these net earnings are far from being actually net. Repairs, for example, are treated simply as capital improvements and no deductions are permitted. Anyone who pays his workers at higher rates than the state-owned firms is not allowed to charge off as his labor bill more than the low government wages. The whole system of overhead charges and other deductions, by means of which western businessmen are able to save a part of their earnings from the tax office, no longer exists in China.

Moreover, all sorts of minor nuisances are conjoined to taxation. For example, the Building Office will



insist on expensive new construction and repairs that are utterly superfluous. The state-controlled unions make a mountain out of every molehill. I heard of a case in one private factory where a worker accidentally hit his finger with a hammer. The management was held responsible for this. There are no rules about the use of hammers, the union grievance committee argued. The chief engineer had to sit down and work out detailed directions: "The object to be dealt with must be held between thumb and forefinger. It is essential to maintain adequate space between the two fingers, so that the hammer has room to fall between them. Under all circumstances partial or complete contact between hammer and any of the fingers must be avoided . . ."

IN ALL of Shanghai there are only two foreign industrial plants left, a Swiss aluminum factory and a British woolen mill. Foreign businessmen are held responsible for the activities of their firms and are not allowed to leave the country. Their firms are being forced not only to surrender their Chinese assets but to throw in good foreign exchange as well. No wonder even the most patient businessmen are eager to liquidate and get out.

Ultimately, they will probably be allowed to go. But their Chinese counterparts are granted no such privilege and must make the best they can out of the difficult situation. Since the Chinese are first and foremost pragmatists, they do their part and smile. For the more they

(*Continued on page 30*)

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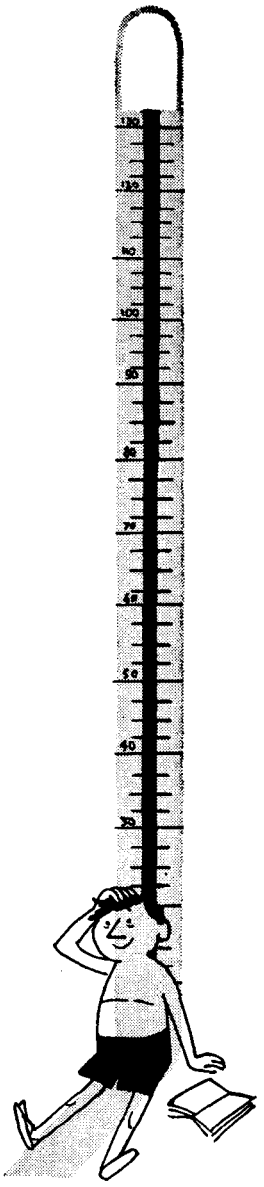

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smile and applaud, the more does the hope revive in them that they will be able to hold on to the few scraps of privilege they still have.

One of these days, however, the interest that is still being paid them on their investments will vanish. A propaganda campaign has already been launched to persuade the wives and children of such privileged patresfamilias to renounce any claims to inheritance. It is, after all, strange for a Communist state to be paying interest on invested capital and to provide no material reward for actual work aside from promotions and honors. Under present regulations a lazy moneybags who had a business with high asset value and did nothing with it is being better treated than an energetic entrepreneur who managed to achieve a huge turnover on comparatively little invested capital.

Chinese Puzzles

February 21, 1956, the historic day which marked the passing of capitalism in Shanghai—after a long, slow decline—was merely the beginning of a process that is bound to bring some odd surprises for all concerned. The transformation of this arch-capitalist, strongly westernized city into a Communist production center had dragged on for months, presumably against intense resistance. Then, on January 13, 1956, Mao Tse-tung suddenly appeared on the scene accompanied by a band of marshals. Only two days later delegates from the business world met for the first time to "demand" immediate "voluntary" transfer of all remaining private concerns to the state. It is hard to say how many such businesses were left; some industries were already far advanced toward nationalization while others were almost untouched. In Shanghai between seventy and eighty per cent is the general estimate.

How are administrators for so gigantic a change-over to be conjured up out of the ground; how is production chaos to be avoided, considering the inexperience of the bureaucracy? Another question is whether, given the innate speculative talents of the Chinese, any economy can function in such a bureaucratic straitjacket. The Chinese businessman's most valuable trait is his imagination. When imagination is stifled, won't most of them stop trying?

A THIRD QUESTION is psychological. Why is semi-nationalization not carried through simply by decree? Why this organized "volunteering" and these outbursts of rejoicing? Why do both the government and the victims engage in this hypocrisy?

The answer can only be that it is the Chinese way. There is a whole philosophy behind this, and to use my interpreter's phrase, we capitalistic reactionaries will never understand it. Hypocrisy is simply not the right word. A Chinese businessman said something to me that gave me an essential insight into the Chinese character. "We Chinese dislike to kill outright as you westerners do," he explained. "We prefer to feel that our victim may still have a chance to escape, by luck or by his own strength, and we like to be able to say apologetically to him: 'You see, if you were strong or persevering or fortunate, you'd get away. If you die, it's your fault, not mine.' And so, as I've said, we don't kill; our habit is to torture our victims to death. And while it's going on, all the participants smile."

Of Space and Time, And Death in the Air

LAWRENCE H. BERLIN

WHEN HISTORY'S worst commercial aviation tragedy occurred over the Grand Canyon on June 30, the Civil Aeronautics Administration had just received a $40-million appropriation from Congress for the improvement of the nation's air-traffic-control system. This followed six years of budgetary inaction. In the White House, Special Presidential Assistant Edward P. Curtis was planning a survey of aviation's need for new facilities, a survey previously recommended by a Bureau of the Budget study group under investment banker William Barclay Harding. And in the government's Air Coordinating Committee, Special Working Group 13 of the Air Navigation and Traffic Control Panel was taking one more year to complete a "sixty- to ninety-day review" of the air-navigation and traffic-control system.

Before the Second World War there were meteorological and mechanical uncertainties in air travel that made it fairly risky. Today these hazards have been largely overcome. For the past five years, for example, the fatality rate on scheduled domestic flights was only 0.6 deaths per hundred million passenger-miles. By contrast, during 1938-1940 it was 2.8 deaths. Yet the Grand Canyon tragedy is a warning that a new threat has supplanted the meteorological and mechanical uncertainties of earlier decades.

'You Just Can't See . . .'

Though it took the Grand Canyon collision to waken the public, aviation experts have long been worried over the inadequacy of the nation's air-traffic-control system. The Radio Technical Commission for Aeronautics, composed of government and industry experts, sounded the alarm as early as 1948, when it recommended spending $1.1 billion on a new traffic-control system capable of serving both military and civil aircraft. Former CAA Administrator Frederick B. Lee stressed the need in a 1954 speech before the Wings Club of New York, while last January, General Milton Arnold, vice-president for operations and engineering of the Air Transport Association, testified at a Congressional hearing that the United States was running out of air space. Technical advances in planes were outmoding the air-traffic-control system, said General Arnold, urging that the entire system be overhauled. At about the same time the Bureau of the Budget's Aviation

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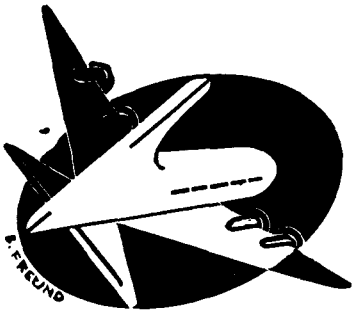
Facilities Study Group, headed by William Barclay Harding, declared in a report that "the risks of mid-air collisions have already reached critical proportions." And on June 26, 1956 (four days before the Grand Canyon tragedy), President Clarence N. Sayen of the Air Line Pilots Association told the Mollohan subcommittee investigating aviation problems that "it is just impossible to maintain clearance between aircraft" under the CAA's present traffic-control system. Given the high speeds and high altitudes at which planes operate today, said Sayen, collisions are inevitable. "You just can't see the other plane quickly enough."

The truth is that the passengers of a plane are usually dependent on the pilot's eyesight for their protection against collisions. Yet a pilot who grows bored watching empty skies or who is preoccupied with controls and instruments is extremely poor insurance. The air space is crowded, especially around airports, the planes fly too fast, and cockpit visibility is poor.

IN CLEAR WEATHER there are few regulations that govern. Eastbound planes must fly at the odd altitudes and westbound planes at the even ones, and the pilots must keep minimum intervals between their planes. Such clear-weather flights are referred to as "VFR," signifying that visual-flight rules prevail. The plane is kept on course by compass, by observation of the terrain, or by automatic vectoring against CAA ground-based "omniranges." Properly called "omnidirectional radio ranges," these broadcast radio signals in all directions and supply the plane with navigational reference points.

Given bad weather, the pilot must file an "IFR" (instrument-flight rules) plan with the CAA's local Air Route Traffic Control Center before taking off. He may elect to fly the low-frequency radio beam emitted directionally by the CAA's ground stations along the Federally controlled airways. If so, he is assigned an altitude and then periodically reports his position to CAA communications centers. These in turn relay the plane's position to the Air Route Traffic Control Center, enabling the Center to keep safe intervals between all planes traveling the airway.

The capacity of the Federally controlled airways is limited, requiring the cancellation of many flights during bad weather. However, if he chooses, the pilot faced with overcast skies can elect in his instrument-flight plan to fly an off-airways



course. In that case he is again assigned an altitude by the Air Route Traffic Control Center, but instead of the beam he uses the CAA's "omniranges" and his compass to navigate his course. When flying by instruments off the controlled airways, the pilot is only required to report his position when he crosses an airway or when he wishes to change altitude. This is how the United Air Lines DC-7B was flying at the time of the June 30 crash, having left Los Angeles on instruments at 21,000 feet, three minutes after the slower TWA Constellation.

When the pilot is flying by instruments, whether on the controlled airways or off, he can revert to flight "by eyesight" by going up "at least 1,000 feet on top," provided he gets an O.K. from the Air Route Traffic Control Center. Once "on top" of the weather, he is free of CAA supervision.

Like the United Air Lines DC-7B, the TWA Constellation left Los Angeles on June 30 on instruments, at an assigned altitude of 19,000 feet. But near Daggett, California, it was given permission to go up "1,000 feet on top." The TWA plane thus reverted to flight "by eyesight" and was warned about the United Air Lines plane flying on instruments at 21,000 feet. Presumably the United Air Lines plane was a safe distance to the south. The two planes had fanned out immediately after leaving Los Angeles, before heading east on converging courses. They collided over the Grand Canyon at a point that was twenty-five miles north of United's intended course, five miles north of TWA's, and considerably west of where their paths were expected to cross.

Slashed Budgets

Obviously, visual-flight rules and "1,000 feet on top" clearances are obsolete in an age when traffic is so heavy that two planes must leave an airport in bad weather, bound in roughly the same direction, only minutes apart. So is unsupervised instrument flight on off-airways courses and the time-consuming relaying of plane positions by radio.

The solution, according to the experts, is better communications and, especially, more radar—enough radar, in fact, to give the CAA complete electronic coverage of the air space over the United States. This would allow the CAA to abolish flight "by eyesight" and bring all aircraft under its constant control.

Unfortunately, radar costs money, and thus far neither the government nor the industry has been willing to spend it. According to former CAA Administrator Lee, the expenditure for navigational and traffic-control aids during the next few years should be at least $40 million annually and perhaps as high as $100 million. Even to maintain the airways in their present inadequate condition, says Lee, requires a minimum of $10 million a year.

Yet in spite of the urgent warnings of aviation experts, both Democratic and Republican Administrations and Congresses have for years slashed budget requests and appropriations for navigational aids. The fact that human lives were involved was ignored, even though there have been sixty-five mid-air collisions involving civil aircraft since 1950.

In 1949-1950 the CAA recommended a budget of $127.8 million for navigational and traffic-control facilities, but President Truman ignored this advice and asked Congress for only $42.2 million. He got $37.5 million, and thenceforth things got progressively worse. In 1952-1953, for example, the CAA got only $10 million for this category. After President Eisenhower was elected in 1952, Administration and Congressional action reduced this to $7 mil-

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lion, then to the abysmal low of $5 million—even though the Korean War had proved what the experts had been saying all along about the problems of controlling jets.

This was maddening to CAA Administrator Lee, who during 1953-1955 fought bitterly for bigger appropriations, only to be overruled by his fellow Republicans in the Commerce Department and Budget Bureau. For his pains, Lee was fired in December, 1955, by Under Secretary of Commerce for Transportation Louis S. Rothschild.

'Radar, More Radar . . .'

Lee is a Harvard graduate of independent means who made flying a serious hobby while practicing law in New York. During the Second World War he joined the Navy and became one of its top aviation instructors. Then in 1946 he entered the CAA and the following year was appointed Deputy Administrator. In 1953, President Eisenhower named him Administrator.

"What we need is radar, more radar, and still more radar," Lee used to say to his associates. As a matter of course he planned five years into the future, updating his schemes each year and always demanding a $40-million budget for navigational aids but never getting it. Finally in desperation he carried his fight to the public last year and began extolling radar in his talks before aviation groups. "I'm sick and tired of being blamed for things under the CAA's control just because we haven't got the resources to do the job," he told Rothschild.

To dramatize his cause, Lee produced a compact five-year plan, which took final shape last summer. On September 15 he formally presented the plan to General Thomas B. Wilson, Rothschild's deputy. Included was complete radar coverage of the United States at altitudes over 18,000 feet, plus low-altitude coverage along certain well-traveled routes. He also proposed the construction of more "omniranges," additional communications channels, and the equipping of more airports with short-range radar for controlling take-offs and landings. The entire scheme was to be co-ordinated with the military's $3-billion SAGE (Semi-Automatic Ground Environment) radar network, and this would hold the five-year cost down to $246 million.

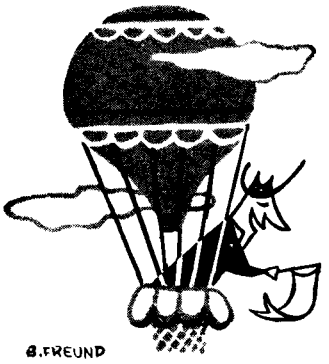
At the end of September, Lee had his answer. For fiscal 1956-1957 Commerce recommended a budget of $18.5 million for building traffic-control facilities—a cut of $5 million from the amount it had recommended a year earlier.

Just how much Lee had irritated Rothschild came out at the hearings held by Senator Mike Monroney (D. Oklahoma) last January, after Lee had been fired.

"I had mentioned in certain speeches the need for additional radar coverage," Lee testified, "and we had developed that need, of course, specifically in our long-range program. I felt that the action which we had taken there had displeased Mr. Rothschild. In fact, he felt that we had gone too far in developing this plan without getting strict policy clearance all along the line."

Lee's Battles

This was not the first time that Lee had clashed with his bosses in the Commerce Department. The first tiff had come in 1953, when Under Secretary Robert B. Murray (Rothschild's predecessor) had hired a



private management firm for an efficiency survey of the CAA. Lee objected to spending $113,000 in scarce CAA funds, but Murray was adamant. So was James C. Worthy, then Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Administration.

The firm selected was Cresap, McCormick & Paget of Chicago. The company was totally lacking in aviation experience, but it knew something about railroads because it had recently done a job on the New York Central, a competitor of the airlines.

When the findings of the management survey leaked to the Aircraft Owners and Pilots Association, a storm arose. The A.O.P.A. represents "general aviation," the third big category of aviation besides the military and the commercial carriers. The A.O.P.A. claimed that the Cresap, McCormick & Paget recommendations would abolish private flight.

"As I recall it, they recommended the elimination of some three hundred of the facilities," Lee testified last January before the Monroney subcommittee when it was investigating his dismissal.

"How many do you have now?" Senator Monroney asked.

"In the neighborhood of five hundred," replied Lee.

" . . . Three-fifths of the communications stations that you call on for weather and ceiling and wind direction and barometric reading would be wiped out under the proposal of these men hired by Mr. Murray and Mr. Worthy?" inquired Monroney.

"Yes," said Lee.

The Cresap, McCormick & Paget study was locked up tight in a Commerce Department safe but Monroney released it over the Commerce Department's protest on February 3.

In June, 1955, Lee had another clash, this time with Rothschild over the question of Federal aid to airports. The Bureau of the Budget had allotted only $11 million for airport aid in the 1955-1956 budget request, and Senator Monroney promptly suggested boosting this to $62.5 million a year for four years.

Under Secretary Rothschild was opposed to the increase and displayed some amazing logic when he testified before the Aviation subcommittee on June 6, 1955. "This department is unable, Mr. Chairman, to endorse this specific proposal," declared Rothschild. ". . . In an industry as dynamic as aviation, we do not believe it is possible to forecast four years in advance the appropriate level of Federal airport aid. . . ." In other words, aviation was growing so fast that it was impossible to prepare for the future.

Lee followed Rothschild on the witness stand but was obviously under restraint. He made no formal

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statement, merely answering Monroney's general questions about the nation's need for airports. When asked specifically for his views on the Monroney bill, he replied, "I do not know that I could talk for the Administration on that, sir."

In November Lee's resignation was requested. The truth was obvious: He had been fired because he had bucked the Administration's economy line.

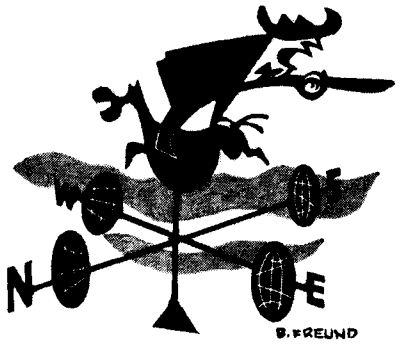
Target: 1961

Meanwhile, the five-year plan for improved air-traffic control was still hanging fire. With the first year's expenditure for navigational and traffic-control facilities marked down to the $18.5 million that Commerce had approved for 1956-1957, the plan was submitted on November 9 to the Air Coordinating Committee, an interagency group charged with synchronizing the use of the air space by the airlines, the military, and "general aviation." It was in the Air Coordinating Committee that the five-year plan found its first warm support. On November 17 the Committee's Air Navigation and Traffic Control Panel pronounced the scheme excellent and termed the proposed $18.5 million expenditure on navigational aids for 1956-1957 grossly inadequate.

Rothschild and Weeks finally gave in. The CAA was told to get up a bigger program for the first year of the five-year plan, and a $55-million figure was arrived at. The full Air Coordinating Committee O.K.d this on December 1, but Rothschild and Weeks reduced the amount to $40 million. That is what Congress finally appropriated.

So on July 1, 1956, the day after the two commercial airliners collided over the Grand Canyon, the long-delayed five-year plan finally went into effect. As a postscript, Commerce Secretary Weeks appeared before the Mollohan subcommittee on July 12 and proudly termed the plan the "greatest Federal airway program" in CAA history.

It apparently wasn't great enough for the White House, however, for on July 18 President Eisenhower suddenly asked Congress to appropriate an extra $54.1 million for expenditures in 1956-1957 on navigational aids, the purpose being to accelerate the five-year plan. (He also called for a $14-million increase in CAA operating funds.) If approved, this will raise the expenditure on navigational aids this year



to $94.1 million—a startling contrast to the $5 million alloted by the Administration and Congress in 1954-1955.

Lest anyone conclude that the air-traffic problem is now solved, let it be noted that the five-year plan will not be fully implemented until 1961, by which time traffic is expected to increase fifty per cent. Inasmuch as traffic in 1955 exceeded the CAA's prediction for 1960, it is conceivable that the rate could double before the five-year plan is complete. Moreover, the jet-propelled Douglas DC-8 and Boeing 707 may be on the scene by 1958.

Already the Air Transport Association has reported that "near misses" average four daily. That figure may be exaggerated because of the difficulty of defining a "near miss," but in May it inspired the Civil Aeronautics Board to create a "near-miss" reporting system for both military and civilian pilots. The pilots will report anonymously to the CAB and as double protection have been guaranteed immunity by the CAA in case any violations of safety rules are revealed.

Interim Measures

Until a start is made on installing the new facilities called for by the five-year plan, the nation's pilots will be on tenterhooks. Until new equipment is installed, planes will continue to fly under the "see and be seen" principle, because the controlled airways are not sufficient to handle all the traffic. The restraints are off the CAA at least temporarily, however, and presumably it will be allowed to do its best. Ironically, on the day after the Grand Canyon crash occurred, a reorganization of the CAA went into effect. A new Office of Air Traffic Control was established, reflecting the new emphasis on safety that has come about since the five year plan's acceptance.

One hope lies in the early perfection of a collision-warning device that can be installed by the airlines in their planes, perhaps something resembling the weather radar now being purchased by several scheduled airlines. The problems are enormous, partly because of bulk and cost and partly because modern jet transports flying head-on will meet with the speed of a bullet. Thus even a collision-warning system might not give a pilot time to pull out, or it might simply scare him to death. Nevertheless, the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory in Buffalo is working on such a system, and so are the Ramo-Wooldridge Corp. and Melpar, Inc., the latter a division of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company. Unfortunately, the industry has not shown much enthusiasm, as indicated an Air Transport Association decision three days before the Grand Canyon crash, rejecting the Ramo-Wooldridge Corporation's request for $900,000 in research funds.

IF NOTHING ELSE, the experience of the past few years proves the importance of getting air-traffic control permanently out of politics. Periodic alarm over a sickening disaster like the Grand Canyon collision isn't enough. In the opinion of some aviation experts, one hope lies in a new approach to financing—one in which the airlines, the military, and private planeowners would share the cost of equipping and operating the nation's airways. Until some such arrangement is worked out, it seems likely that the safety of those who fly will remain at the mercy of the budget whittlers in the Department of Commerce, the Budget Bureau, and Congress.

As Fred Lee has said, "We're years behind in the development and installation of air-traffic-control facilities. What we need in this government is an organization that can take action and take it promptly—to meet the needs of today and the future."

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Notes

On the Harriman Campaign

ROBERT BENDINER

AVERELL HARRIMAN has ridden through the pre-convention campaign on that most uncomfortable of all political vehicles, the horns of a dilemma. An avowed "moderate" like Adlai Stevenson has room for maneuver and compromise. But a man who at the outset declares himself a "zealot," as Harriman did, and the prophet of a "New Vision," is tactically more limited. He can no more afford to fall back on a modified zeal than a lover can proclaim his qualified rapture. The nominating system being what it is, however, from time to time Harriman has had to do just that. Like any other candidate, the New York governor has sought support where he could get it, and to the extent that his militancy has worn thin in the process he has obviously weakened his principal claim to the nomination, which is that he is sole heir to the mantle of Roosevelt the Innovator and Truman the Scrapper.

At best, Harriman's candidacy, as his spokesmen concede in off moments, is a long shot, and long shots invite bold plungers. Questions of principle aside, it was tactically sound, then, for Harriman to plump on the side of boldness. But having adopted the role of the militant, the question arises as to how the governor has played it so far, and the answer appears to be that, in spite of sporadic bursts of fire, he has not exactly played it to the hilt.

Ever since Roosevelt and Truman demonstrated that a Democrat could win the Presidency without the Solid South, it has seemed to a growing number of hard-shelled politicians, as well as dreamers, that the time had come for the party to detach its Bourbon contingent, cleanly and with surgical finality. The Supreme Court's anti-segregation opinion set the stage, the open defiance of many Southern governors and legislatures provided the occasion, and there was Averell Harriman at the right time and in the right place to promote the historic event if he were so minded. Right or wrong, wise or foolish, that would have been a definitive position for a zealot. Short of it, what could genuinely distinguish Harriman's approach from the "moderation" he has denounced in Stevenson? The answer is still lost in a semantic fog, though reporters have doggedly tried to get it into the clear.

BOTH Harriman and Stevenson have voiced their unequivocal support of the Court's opinion and their conviction that it must be carried out. Where Stevenson used the word "gradually" and spoke of a 1963 "target date" for completing the process, Harriman said simply, "I don't think it's up to the . . . government to talk about ten years or that sort of thing. We should see to it that the laws as interpreted by the Supreme Court are enforced." But when questioned on how he would do the enforcing any faster than Stevenson—or President Eisenhower for that matter—the governor conceded: "The Supreme Court has decided their decision should be carried out with deliberate speed and they left it to the district courts to carry out. It is not the executive responsibility to make those determinations." All the President could do, he thought, was to use the "moral force of his office" to bring together "men and women of good will . . . to see what could be done with this very difficult problem." Not only would Stevenson do no less, but he advocated precisely this course some time before Harriman got around to it—on February 27, to be exact. And few Southerners, in truth, would condemn such a get-together as an excess of zeal.

'Different Terms, That's All'

It is worth noting in this connection that the one state governor who is actively working for Harriman's nomination—in fact, the only one to come out for him so far—is Raymond Gary of Oklahoma, a state in which desegregation is hardly being accomplished overnight. Governor Gary, who evidently likes long shots—he was for Barkley in 1952—is a mild and seemingly fair-minded man but one who is obviously not happy over the Court's decree. He feels he has no choice but to comply and is moving things along as quickly as he thinks individual communities can take it. "We are not exerting any pressure to bring about integration," he says. "You cannot upset forces that have been in effect more than a hundred years."

Going on to praise his candidate almost to the point of embarrassment, Mr. Gary told reporters: "Governor Harriman believes in the policy of the golden rule on civil rights. He believes that we can work these problems out on a local basis . . . I'll admit this is moderation. But Governor Harriman believes, like I do, that if you leave people alone to work out this problem on a local level, they will do it."

Did Harriman disavow this unzealous aid who is in charge of lining up delegates for him in eleven states? Not at all. He would not describe his own position as "moderate," he told the press, "but I'm using different terms, that's all. Governor Gary's statement stands and mine does, too. I'd say with zeal. But then I don't want to argue over the meaning of words."

CONFRONT Harriman's spokesmen with this remarkable bit of reconciling and they either suggest he was misquoted or tell you that the issue is not one of words, that their man is a "symbol," and that his position is so much resented by Dixie politicians that he freely writes off the hope of lining up any delegates from the South. "They know in their guts," an important Harriman backer explained to me, that he is not their kind of candidate.

Undoubtedly he is not, but in several ways he has indicated a lively hope that he might eat his corn pone and have it too. In June a number of high-ranking Harriman-for-President people, including Carmine De Sapio, the candidate's man-

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ager, attended a dinner in honor of Representative James Richards of South Carolina. The purpose was to erase, if possible, the prevailing impression of Harriman as one who lacked a sympathetic understanding of the South and its problems, and reliable observers believe that De Sapio himself planned the affair.

Similarly, New York Representatives like Charles A. Buckley and Eugene J. Keogh blossomed out this past spring as hosts at a series of Washington luncheons and dinners for their Southern colleagues. Efforts were made at these unusual gatherings to persuade the guests of honor that beneath the surface there was no real difference between Harriman and Stevenson on the civil-rights issue. De Sapio blandly told a television audience that he saw no reason at all for the Southern Democrats to take a walk if his candidate were nominated, and as late as mid-July Harriman himself made a foray into North Carolina, still shopping for delegates who supposedly had been written off. It is only fair to say, however, that, apart from repudiating any thought that Federal troops should be used to enforce desegregation, he made no concessions to his audience.

Whatever Governor A. B. ("Happy") Chandler of Kentucky may "know in his guts" about Harriman, he has been making sheep's eyes in the general direction of Albany and is definitely counted on to deliver the thirty Kentucky delegates he has at his disposal. Harriman spokesmen explain this slightly embarrassing but nonetheless welcome indication of support on the ground that Chandler, whose newspaper supported the Dixiecrats in 1948, just finds Stevenson "too intellectual—Harriman is more direct." But a more plausible explanation is the simple one that within the family of Kentucky Democrats, Happy's political enemies are ranged on the side of Stevenson.

It doesn't pay, in any case, to insist on ideological explanations for political alliances. One of Stevenson's six and half votes in the New York delegation will come from Mayor J. P. Vaccarella of Mount Vernon, a De Sapio man from whom no trace of insurgency was to be expected. The story is that Mr. Vaccarella, an ardent fight fan, had been given every reason to believe that he was to be named to a vacancy on the State Boxing Commission. The post pays no salary, but one of its perquisites is twenty free ringside tickets to every fight. The mayor and his friends were looking forward to a succession of pleasant evenings when suddenly word came from Albany that the opening was to go to the son of James A. Farley. Harriman strategists, it seems, had not forgotten that Farley the Elder was the leader of the pro-Stevenson opposition within the New York delegation four years ago, and anything that might contribute to happier relations with that still-powerful figure was not to be ignored. Very soon thereafter, Mr. Vaccarella appeared at a New York airport to meet Stevenson and to apprise him of his devoted support.

Opportunity Missed

Had Harriman chosen from the start to do all-out, last-ditch battle with the right wing of his party, the perfect opportunity was provided when Governors Luther Hodges of North Carolina and Allan Shivers of Texas opened up on him at the Governors' Conference in Atlantic City. Hodges charged him with objectionable "associations," namely Tammany Hall and Americans for Democratic Action, and with favoring a "super New Deal." Shivers accused him of belonging to the group that tried to drive the Dixiecrats out of the party—a worthy objective, one would think, for a civil-rights zealot—by imposing a loyalty oath for delegates.

Here was surely a chance for Mr. Harriman to proclaim his New Vision, to admit with pride his association with A.D.A., whose support he has in fact solicited, and, above all, to take the lead among those who see no sense in allowing a Shivers or a Byrnes to sit in the councils of the Democratic Party and then go out and campaign at the top of their lungs for the Republicans.

But that is hardly what Mr. Harriman did. Apparently very much on the defensive, he disavowed any connection with A.D.A., though he has been one of its principal contributors, at one time sneered at Stevenson for having allegedly "run out" on the organization, and four years ago described himself as one of the A.D.A.'s founders. At the same time he minimized the influence of Tammany but made it clear he was "not repudiating their support." And he mildly described his "super New Deal" in New York merely as measures to "help the old folks, small business and the mentally ill." As for the Dixiecrats, why, he too was against the loyalty oath. "I wouldn't take it myself," he said.

If this was not the fighting stance of a zealot, it was at least an ironic reminder that only two years ago Harriman's candidacy for the governorship was sold to De Sapio on the ground that he was more moderate than Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr. A less controversial figure, it was believed in Tammany Hall, stood a better chance of winning.

Convention Strategy

While Harriman's pre-convention maneuvering was perhaps normal enough for a Presidential candidate, it was somewhat questionable preparation for one whose only hope now lies in taking the convention by storm as a crusader for civil rights and the fighting conscience of the party.

The apparent strategy, to go into operation the moment the platform committee gets down to work,

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is to insist on a civil-rights plank unacceptable to the Bourbons, push them to the wall, and, win or lose, identify Stevenson with their cause. "We're not concerned with the mechanics of counting delegates," a Harriman spokesman told me. "It will be the climate of the convention" that proves decisive. In the heat of that climate, it is hoped that Stevenson will be discarded as too controversial. But, in that very process, Harriman might suffer the same fate. It is worth noting in this connection that two of the New Yorker's top staff people—Mrs. India Edwards and Frank McKinney—are known to have strong inclinations toward Stuart Symington. Both, for what it may indicate, are loyal followers of Harry Truman.

THE BATTLE OF THE PLATFORM is expected to center on a specific endorsement of the Supreme Court's ban on segregation and a call for its enforcement. The Harriman forces, and others as well, feel strongly that this is the least the convention can do, both on principle and as a tactical concession to Northern minorities. On the other side, the Southerners, whose denunciation of the decision makes such an endorsement unthinkable, are ready to settle for a repetition of the civil-rights planks that so exercised them in 1948 and 1952.

As always, would-be mediators are sure to spring up, and there are indications that prominent among them will be Governor Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, who will be on the platform committee. Remarks dropped by the Connecticut executive suggest an attempted compromise that would call for enforcement of *all* present laws on civil rights without special reference to the Court's decree—a semantic device that will hardly prevent fireworks even if it should ultimately carry the day.

WHATEVER CLIMATE develops, however, it is exceedingly unlikely that Mr. De Sapio is as oblivious of the "mechanics" as some of his associates imply. He has certainly been in touch with Kefauver strategists, just as Stevenson's lieutenants have been, and while no allegations have been proved that Harriman money was used to finance Kefauver's primary fight with Stevenson, at least one Harriman delegate to the convention is known to have contributed $5,000 to that cause. Lester Martin, of Brooklyn's Thirteenth Congressional District, admits the Kefauver donation, although he says that he is all out for Harriman and intends to vote for him "as long as he is in the race."

One such instance, of course, does not make a case. But add it to the obvious strategy of letting Kefauver weaken Stevenson in the primaries while Harriman himself kept out; add it further to Mr. Martin's prominence as a party fund raiser in the state; and add it to similarly generous gifts from other pro-Harriman angels who do not happen to be delegates, and you have at least a good-sized straw in the wind.

Naturally it is hoped that Kefauver will reciprocate, now that his chances for the nomination have gone glimmering. Harriman spokesmen are free to say that the Tennessee Senator's ability to deliver his vote to their man will be decisive. They are counting on most of that vote very early in the game, especially, as one of them puts it, now that the arrangements committee has "kicked Kefauver in the face" by choosing Governor Frank Clement, his rival in Tennessee politics, to sound the convention keynote.

Old Strategies for New Battles

A serious weakness of the Harriman strategy is the persistent failure of veteran New Dealers in his own state to catch the militant's image he is trying to project. They freely concede that he has been a pretty good governor, more or less in the Smith-Lehman-Roosevelt tradition, and normal politics would certainly dictate supporting a New Yorker in case of doubt. Yet the roster of New York Democrats for Stevenson reads like the index of the Sherwood biography of Roosevelt: Senator Lehman, Lloyd Garrison, David Lilienthal, Thomas K. Finletter, Claude Bowers, A. A. Berle, William H. Davis, Morris Ernst, Gordon Clapp, James Warburg, and a good many others, including Mayor Wagner and Eleanor Roosevelt, who was rather glaringly overlooked when the state committee picked delegates at large to this year's national convention.

If there is any one reason for the failure of Harriman's ambitions to flourish in such naturally fertile ground, it seems to have much less to do with his intrinsic political ideas than with his strange sense of timing. While the trade unions would certainly support him in the main, it is not because they are electrified by such warmed-over phrases as the "exploitation of labor." The row over parity has undoubtedly soured a good many farmers toward the Administration, but it is questionable whether in their strictly wallet-minded approach to politics they are really shopping around for a New Vision. And while the country enjoyed watching Harry Truman lustily "pour it on" a smug and healthy Dewey in 1948, it seems less likely that they are eagerly waiting for a less skilled Harriman to "pour it on" a national father image just out of the hospital.

This same impression of faulty timing is sharply conveyed by Harriman's current tack on foreign policy. Three years ago an inflexible and completely negative line on Russia would have found a ready public response. So would his boast of having been among the first to spot the Russian danger. But today, with the cold war at least for the moment considerably cooler, many Democrats question the wisdom of describing the President's honest attempt at Geneva as "trafficking" with Communists.

Harriman may be correct about the current designs of the Kremlin, about the "naïve" approach of Mr. Eisenhower, and about the "phony spirit of Geneva." If he believes he is, it is to his credit to say so, regardless of the political effects. But unless he was fantastically misquoted in a Paris press conference on July 30, 1955, he thought Geneva was a pretty good idea at the time. Not only did he express pride in his party for having backed Eisenhower in the project, but he gave out the opinion that "There has never been a time in recent years when the people were more solidly behind the President." By those "sincere statements" at the Big Four conference, he added in New York a few days later, Eisenhower had "re-estab-

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lished among our friends and allies that we are a peaceful nation." There is nothing wrong with changing one's mind, but Harriman's claims to infallibility on the subject of dealing with the Russians could hardly have been expected to sit well with his rivals for the nomination—even before he got around to presenting himself as the only candidate who was invulnerable to the charge of ever having been soft on Communists.

De Sapio's Role

Given the long odds against Harriman, the question inevitably persists as to why so shrewd an operator as De Sapio should go to such lengths to promote his fortunes. Without probing for deep motives, an observer can readily enough see advantages for the Tammany leader even if he thinks his man hasn't a prayer—a state of mind, by the way, frequently and reliably attributed to him.

In the first place, De Sapio has become a national figure by abetting the governor's ambitions. For two years he has been in the strategic position of a possible kingmaker, with all the power and prestige that go with it. Second, he owes a good measure of gratitude to Harriman for having dignified his career by making him New York's Secretary of State. And, most obvious of all, he goes to Chicago in control of the largest bloc of bargaining power at the convention.

De Sapio could use that power to pin down the promise of a top job for himself or for someone else, should the Democratic nominee win the election. Inevitably the talk has centered around a deal to get the Vice-Presidency for New York's Mayor Robert F. Wagner. But circumstances hardly indicate that this is what De Sapio has in mind. Wagner is not his man to the extent that would recommend such a scheme, and his departure from City Hall, moreover, would leave the mayoralty to City Council President Abe Stark, who has little appeal to Tammany professionals.

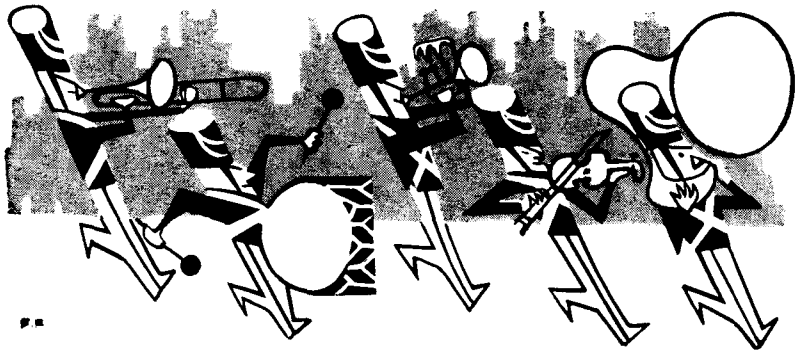
What would make far more sense, according to close observers of New York politics, would be a pledge by Stevenson to make Harriman his Secretary of State. That would open the Executive Mansion in Albany to Lieutenant Governor George De Luca, a close associate of Mr. De Sapio's.

The Question of Money

If the mere possession of forty million dollars, more or less, is an advantage to a Presidential candidate, it cannot be said that in this year's campaign Averell Harriman has yet availed himself of it in any appreciable way. No doubt it has been helpful in getting him around the country on speaking trips not chargeable to the State of New York, in enabling him to arrange affairs like the cocktail party he threw for fellow governors at Atlantic City, for paying pre-convention campaign workers, and other such purposes. But since this sort of money must always be raised privately, there is nothing more sinister about it when it comes out of the candidate's pocket than when he begs it from fat-cat contributors—less, in fact, since he himself is left under no obligation.

Heavy financial aid from the candidate himself would no doubt be welcomed in a Presidential campaign, but apart from such limits as the loose Federal law imposes, there is very definitely a point of diminishing returns in this sort of activity. Consequently, few Stevenson supporters are willing to make an issue of the Harriman fortune. Professional politicians like wealth, all right, I was told by one pro-Stevenson expert, "but not wealth that's spotlighted." Should the richest man ever to run for the office be nominated, it is certain that every dime he spent would be watched and turned into Republican ammunition. So expensive has campaigning become, moreover, that even if Harriman, his family, and his friends were to take full advantage of the law's notorious loopholes—and the governor is not by reputation a free-spender—their combined contributions would probably not pay for more than two or three nationwide television hookups.

Psychologically, the effects of the Harriman fortune may be more formidable, exerting an influence that does not call for the spending of money at all. It is perhaps more than a coincidence that those Western states on which Harriman counts most for delegates are states in which his Union Pacific Railroad has long been a top factor in business and a general source of favor and power.



In a general election, however, the psychological advantages of great wealth would probably cancel themselves out. For every trade-unionist who felt that a multimillionaire could have little basic sympathy with his needs, there would be many more who felt that wealth kept one above the battle. And if some Democratic businessmen were made nervous by Harriman's protestations for the Common Man, there would be many who would find it as hard as Governor Gary does to believe that a man with "all that interest in business" would ever "go overboard for labor where it would hurt business." The combination of being "a multimillionaire and still favorable to working people" is one that he admires in Harriman, Gary told this reporter—just as he admires it, he said, in his own state's Senator Robert S. Kerr, a comparison that few of Harriman's liberal supporters will relish.

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The Durable Mr. Dawson Of Cook County, Illinois

JOHN MADIGAN

IN THE closing months of this session of Congress, when Northern Democrats scurried around Capitol Hill seeking advice on politically loaded issues like the anti-segregation amendment to the school-construction bill and civil-rights legislation, the man they sought out was not Harlem's Adam Clayton Powell, Jr.—his stand on such matters was as well known as it was liberal—but Chicago Congressman William Levi Dawson, a man who stayed in the background and spoke rarely for publication, yet held his position as the most powerful Negro in Congress and in national politics.

They had confidence in Dawson and wanted his viewpoint. He assured them that the Negro vote could be held in the Democratic column even with the gradualist approach toward fighting segregation. Negroes would not be fooled, he told them. They had made all their gains under the Democrats. They had seen the risks taken by the party in 1948, the year of the Dixiecrat split. They felt the Democrats could be trusted.

Of course he favored the principle of the Powell proposal to withhold Federal aid from any state with segregated schools, Dawson told his colleagues. But he warned them: "If we tack on this amendment, it will mean the end of the school bill. Even if it should squeak by the House, it will be filibustered to death in the Senate."

Dawson continued to say nothing publicly on the controversial amendment. But it was significant that his opposition became known at a time when Southerners in control of the House Rules Committee held a strangle hold on the $1.6-billion school-aid bill and refused to let it come to the floor. It was ironic, too, that Democrat Dawson, a Negro, should be supporting the views of President Eisenhower, while the House's Republican Minority Leader, Joe Martin, was opposing him.

Representative Dawson's influence on this delicate question, within a few months of the election, was not surprising to anyone in Washington or to Democratic leaders generally. At seventy, this strapping lawyer, who has an artificial left leg, is a precinct captain, ward committeeman, vice-chairman of the Cook County Democratic Committee, Representative from the First Illinois District, secretary of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, and vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

He worked closely with President Truman; he had a hand in approving Senator John Sparkman of Alabama as Vice-Presidential candidate in 1952; he is the first Negro since Reconstruction to head a major committee of Congress (Government Operations); he is the political boss of five Chicago wards; he will have a great deal to say about picking the party's national ticket this month.

Two Perspectives

Dawson is a politician first and a Negro second. Because he is a go-getter—and genuinely tries to help his race without exploitation—he delivers the votes in Chicago and is re-elected with ease. The seniority system on Capitol Hill, coupled with his tact and ability, assures his influence there. It all adds up to political power, but also leads to charges that there is not one Dawson but two.

In his home city Dawson is accused of protecting gambling and rackets. The newspapers whack him regularly. So does the Chicago Crime Commission. They charge he is in with "the Syndicate," the popular name for the remnants of the old Capone mob. They recall a wire-tapped telephone call to him in Washington from a racketeer. ("I talk to anyone," says Dawson.) They dredge up an eight-year-old interview in which they claim he admitted taking money from gambling places for political purposes. To all this and more Dawson replies: "I don't read what they say about me. It isn't true. My people know it isn't. So it doesn't bother me."

The view of Dawson in Washington is an entirely different one. His 434 colleagues in the House are pros. They know the first rule of politics is to win. In the words of House Majority Leader John W. McCormack, Dawson is "one of the best legislators and grandest men I've ever met." Ohio Democrat Mike Kerwin, chairman of the party's Congressional Campaign Committee, says, "Bill's word is better than putting money in the bank." Southerners respect him because he does not carry his race on his sleeve.

Politics in Committee

A measure of Dawson's power on Capitol Hill can be found in the fact that the appropriation for his Government Operations Committee for 1955-56 totals $995,000, a figure exceeded only by the House Appropriations Committee itself. The Committee has made the Republicans squirm time and time again since the Democrats took back control of Congress in January, 1955. A short time back, G.O.P. House leaders publicly protested the Committee's appropriations request, charging the money would be used for "political investigations." Dawson told reporters, "It is our duty under the law to search for waste and inefficiency." With a slightly different perspective, he remarked privately, "They sure investigate the hell out of us when they have control."

One subcommittee, headed by Dawson himself, made a detailed study of the Defense Department's policies in procurement of food and clothing—a probe made famous by revelations that the Navy had a sixty-year supply of hamburger on hand. The Holifield subcommittee investigated Navy jet-aircraft procurement, taking testimony that nearly $300 million worth of unusable equipment had to be junked. The same subcommittee is reviewing the nation's civil-defense setup. The Moss subcommittee is investigating charges that much information is being withheld unwarrantedly from Congress, the press, and the general public.

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The Mayoralty Fight

Chicago's Negro community sits squat on the city's South Side—its air never free of a police car's wailing siren or the smell of pork on the spit. In another day, in the heart of this crowded area, top Negro musicians once rocked the old Grand Terrace Ballroom until dawn. Today, the renovated building echoes only to the music of big-city politics.

It was from here in 1955, as his political career underwent the most violent attack, that Dawson systematically followed the door-to-door, favor-for-you political strategy that confounded all the newspapers, Republicans and Democrats, and a host of reformers. The setting was the city's mayoralty fight.

With the Negro population approaching 800,000, Dawson held more power than the leaders of the storied Irish vote, Polish vote, or any other ethnic group. His voice in party councils was more important than that of any other leader, including National Chairman Jacob L. Arvey and, perhaps, Democratic County Chairman Richard J. Daley, then holding the elective office of county clerk. Dawson had had enough of Democratic Mayor Martin H. Kennelly, a leading trucker and warehouseman completing his second term.

For eight years in office Kennelly refused to play ball with the machine that had elected him. He assumed no party leadership, did nothing to help other candidates, riddled the ranks of political jobholders by putting several thousand jobs under civil service. Meanwhile, the machine began to repair itself from within so it could fight back against the newspapers and reformers. Daley, a career politician honest from his day of birth, was named county chairman.

KENNELLY'S days were numbered, and the most insistent voice demanding his ouster was Dawson's. ("Why, that Kennelly is a joke. He's a Republican at heart.") The "pols" listened. Labor leaders agreed with Dawson, and there were some statistics to back him up: Kennelly had received fifty-seven per cent of the votes when he was first elected in 1947, but only fifty-four per cent four years later. Further, in the 1951 election it was the so-called "machine wards," namely Dawson's and those on the Irish-Italian-Jewish West Side, that had given him the margin.

So Kennelly was dumped, and the word spread through the city: "Dawson wouldn't take him." For political purposes, some Democrats and some Republicans asked: "Is a Negro running this town?" Kennelly, who had sought the machine's endorsement for a third term, needed little urging to try to go it alone in February's primary. He centered his attack on Dawson, and the newspapers joined in. City editors sent reporter-sleuths to get "something solid" on the politician. They returned empty-handed, or with stale stories that couldn't be pinned down.

On primary day Daley received 369,362 votes and Kennelly 266,946. Dawson's five wards delivered forty-five per cent of the winning margin.

Wide World

Congressman Dawson

In the April election Daley was opposed by Republican candidate Robert E. Merriam, a thirty-six-year-old egghead who had been a Democrat until quite recently. The campaign theme was the same as in the primary, only a little rougher. From the start Merriam said he would present "evidence of the link between Chicago crime—Syndicate crime—and machine politics," and he made Dawson the symbol of evil. Again the charges failed to take hold. Daley got 708,222 votes, Merriam 581,555. The Congressman's wards gave Daley 50,000 of his 126,667 margin.

The Art of Doing Favors

In his office recently, his good leg stretched full length to the window sill, Dawson discussed in detail the charges he had mostly ignored through both campaigns.

"The Negro is the best politician in the world," Dawson began. "He has seen and felt too much to be fooled. These do-gooders don't fool him with their cries against political machines. A church is highly organized, isn't it? So is a business. Why not politics?"

The Congressman paused for a moment, then picked up again, referring to himself in the third person, as he often does when discussing his professional life:

"Dawson does thousands of political favors for people, and never takes a nickel for any one of them. In the first place, it would be wrong. In the second, I wouldn't prey on my people. And I'll give you a third reason: A favor creates an obligation. If you took money or a gift in return for a favor, you would be getting paid back. When you don't, you have something coming. For a politician, that something is votes."

He turned to gambling. "Betting is a human frailty, but it isn't evil in itself. There's bingo played in the churches, and not too much racket is made about it. Race tracks are operated for financial benefit from sums bet on the races. How can it be wrong to bet on a horse at the track, where even the state takes a cut, and wrong for some poor fellow to bet on the same nag at the corner newsstand?

"Such hypocrisy is an invitation to the mob and the Syndicate to try and corrupt the police. It makes people lose respect for the law. It is particularly bad for a Negro district. Negroes don't create money. They usually go outside their area to work for it and bring it back into their community. And a corrupt system, growing out of gambling, drains them dry.

"Of course, the laws against gambling should be obeyed. But enforcement on one and not another isn't liberty, it's license. If anybody is to profit out of gambling in the Negro

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community, it should be the Negro. It is purely an economic question. I want the money my people earn to stay in the Negro community."

His voice contained a trace of bitterness, a trace of hurt—a side of the man seldom seen.

What of the specific charges made against Dawson that policy (called the numbers game in New York) was wide open and protected in his area? What of the campaign accusation of a Negro alderman, a Republican minister since defeated, that policy slips litter the lawns? Said Dawson: "Policy is a poor man's game played by poor people. The charge that I took political contributions from gamblers carries the connotation that I was in a position to give them protection. I have never been in a position to give gamblers protection. That is the province of the mayor and the police commissioner.

"When did the Chicago Crime Commission say I admitted taking gamblers' money—1948? I don't remember it. If I made such a statement in 1948, why didn't they publish it then or in 1951? We had a mayoral election in 1951, too, and Kennelly was our candidate."

Born April 26, 1886, in Albany, Georgia, Dawson worked his way through Fisk University in Nashville and was graduated *magna cum laude*. He arrived in Chicago in 1912, worked days and studied law at night at Kent College. Later he transferred to Northwestern University, where he paid his way by waiting on table at a hotel. The First World War interrupted his schooling. Although he was over draft age he enlisted, rose to first lieutenant, and was gassed and wounded overseas. He finished his studies at Northwestern after the war and began practicing law in 1920.

Dawson began his political career as a Republican precinct worker. He was quick to grasp the political significance of the heavy Negro immigration from the South. His organizational formula was as simple as it was effective: "One Negro can get nowhere. If we stick together we've got strength." For his efforts he was elected to the city council in 1933 and remained there until 1939, when he was defeated by a Democrat. Some believe that Dawson lost intentionally to pave the way for his switch from Republican to Democrat. It was more than coincidence that a short time earlier Democratic Mayor Edward J. Kelly began trying to recruit him.

Dawson became a Democrat after his defeat, and continued to build his closely knit organization under this label. He was elected to the Seventy-eighth Congress in 1942, defeating his Republican opponent by less than three thousand votes. (By comparison, when he was re-elected for the sixth time in 1954 he made only a token campaign, yet polled 71,472 votes to his opponent's 23,470.)

'Give Me the Test . . .'

Dawson's House speeches have been infrequent, a fact which his political opponents ascribe to absenteeism. Dawson's explanation is that a good lawmaker does his most effective work in committee, and doesn't make speeches just to hear himself talk. When Dawson does take the floor, the chamber fills up.

His most famous speech was given April 13, 1951. At issue was a draft-law provision to allow inductees to choose whether they would serve in a segregated unit. Speaking in slow, quiet tones, Dawson touched briefly on his birth and early manhood in the South. He told of his wounds in the First World War, of inadequate Army medical care because he was in a segregated outfit. Then to the larger issue:

"How long, how long, my confreres and gentlemen from the South, will you divide us Americans on account of color? Give me the test that you would apply to make anyone a full-fledged American, and by the living God, if it means death itself, I will pay it. But give it to me. Why should this body go on record at a time when we are fighting a world war to brand a section of its citizenry as second class? . . .

". . . there is but one God and there is but one race of men, all made in the image of God. I did not make myself black any more than you made yourselves white, and God did not curse me when he made me black any more than he cursed you when he made you white."

As Dawson concluded, most of the members rose and applauded until he returned to his seat from the well of the chamber. The provision was killed a few minutes later.

The School-Aid Bill

Naturally, Dawson's most impassioned speeches have been on matters affecting the Negro race. But he doesn't follow the course of civil rights blindly. When the late Vito Marcantonio, the fellow-traveling American Labor Party Representative from Manhattan, attempted to tack civil-rights riders on bills in helter-skelter fashion, Dawson voted "Nay" on most of them. Marcantonio called him on it and was told: "If you keep trying to tack them on, I'm going to keep voting against them. You are not fighting for something. You are using them for your own aggrandizement."

The situation was somewhat the same a few weeks ago as the school-aid bill finally came to the House floor and Powell introduced his amendment. Only about fifty of the 435 members were in the chamber as the Harlem minister described his proposal as neither racial nor political, declared that its defeat would mean nullification of the Supreme Court decision, and warned it would be a "gain for the Soviet amongst the nations of Asia and Africa." He also warned of a possible "massive passive-resistance program" by American Negroes.

When the weekend adjournment came, the legislation was up to its neck in politics. At least the Southerners' stand was without guile. The same could not be said for all their colleagues. Many Northern Republicans were prepared to vote with Powell, not on principle but to assure the death of the bill. They were opposed to Federal aid; they were afraid of Federal control of schools. At the same time, a vote for the anti-segregation amendment would provide a strong attraction to the millions of Negro votes in the elections. As for the Northern Democrats, they knew the amendment might kill the school program, but they were afraid that a vote against it might mean their defeat in November. Both parties were at odds as to how the building funds should be allocated to the states. Each wanted its plan to go through in order

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that it might claim authorship of the aid program and reap the political reward.

"It's anybody's guess what will happen," Speaker Sam Rayburn told this reporter on July 3, shortly before Dawson was to make his long-awaited floor speech. "They all respect Dawson," said Rayburn. "He could swing it."

THE CLOAKROOMS emptied as Dawson, limited to five minutes, strode to the well of the House. He

waited a moment. The chamber fell quiet, and he began to speak: ". . . seventy years ago I was born in the South. When I was a child the school for the colored kids was open only a few months out of the year, when they did not need us in the fields. Sometimes those who were engaged to teach could barely read and write themselves. The schools for others were open nine months out of the year, with adequate schoolrooms and with facilities and with trained teachers. . . ."

Dawson recounted the sacrifices made by his mother and grandmother to educate the family in private schools, told of his promise to his mother that he would see that his brothers and sisters received a college education. He recalled the Negro's gains in the South, crediting them to Supreme Court decisions in the past, and he blamed obstacles put in the way of his race on "deals" and "iniquitous agreements" entered into by Southern Democrats and Northern Republicans. As to the Supreme Court's ruling on school integration, he was prepared to place his faith in the court and any President, *regardless of party.*

"I recite these things to you," Dawson said, "to let you know that I know something about America. . . . You are considering today . . . a bill . . . that will aid education in every State in the Union. I am of the opinion . . . that if you attach the Powell amendment to this school-aid bill, you will have no school-aid legislation . . . I would not deny to the children in all States the opportunities to obtain their education. . . ."

Dawson was greeted with ringing applause. Speakers who followed, whether they were for or against the amendment, praised him for his courage. But after the July 4 holiday it was time to stand up and be counted. The clerk began the long roll call, and it was soon apparent that Dawson had won some over, but not enough. The amendment passed 225 to 192, with 148 Republicans and 77 Democrats voting "Yea." In opposition were 46 Republicans and 146 Democrats.

Not one of Dawson's fellow Cook County Chicagoans, including eight Democrats and four Republicans, dared vote with him. As one of them put it: "Sure, Dawson can explain to a Negro why he voted against the Powell amendment. A Negro can explain that to another Negro. But a white man can't."

The final vote on the bill itself was almost a foregone conclusion. The legislation was defeated 224 to 194, with only 75 Republicans supporting it, in contrast to the 148 who voted for the Powell amendment. Southern Democrats, to a man, supplied the remainder of the killing margin. No sooner was the legislation buried than both parties began blaming each other. The Democrats also criticized Mr. Eisenhower for not keeping his party in line. Privately, some Republicans agreed that the President, by remaining silent in the last stages of the battle, had doomed the bill.

The story wasn't exactly a new one: The powerful coalition of Northern Republicans and Southern Democrats had won again.

Dawson, who voted for the final version of the bill, said only: "I warned 'em." Did he think his opposition to the Powell amendment would hurt him in November? "I never gave it a thought." As to the Republicans' being able to make political capital out of their heavy vote for the Powell amendment, Dawson claimed Negroes "will see through them like a window."

Settling for Half a Loaf

The Chicago legislator need not apologize to anyone for his action. When it comes to liberalism his voting record has always more than satisfied labor and the Americans for Democratic Action. But he refuses to join any roar for equal rights. And he defends the right of his Southern colleagues to have a different viewpoint. He seldom questions their motives. He doesn't engage in personalities or make threats.

There are those who accuse Dawson, in his somewhat moderate approach to the racial question, of being just as self-seeking as Powell. Asked if he is a member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, he replies: "Guess so, back in Chicago." A listener gets the distinct impression that he believes the N.A.A.C.P. could sometimes use a little more discretion.

What does Dawson really think of the progress being made against racial prejudice—in the schools, in housing, in community living, at all levels of society? He says: "The Negro is a citizen. I have faith and confidence that every right of citizenship will be his some day. We should see all restrictions almost wiped out before many more years." Listening to his words, you somehow doubt if he wholly believes them himself.

But Dawson does not admit this publicly. He is an old hand at taking half a loaf. That talent has made him a political power with Negroes and whites alike.

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An American Violinist In Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev

The well-known violinist Isaac Stern, recently returned from a concert tour of the Soviet Union, was interviewed in New York City on June 13 over radio station WQXR by the station's music director, Abram Chasins. Here is a partial transcript of the interview:

CHASINS: When did you leave? Where did you play?

STERN: Well, to summarize these things rather quickly, we arrived in Moscow—that is, Alexander Zakin, my long-time colleague, and I—we arrived in Moscow on the thirtieth of April, just in time to see the May Day Parade there. Our musical activities began on the third of May with the recital in Moscow, and in the ensuing twenty-seven days we played twenty-one concerts. Of these concerts four in Moscow were with orchestra, two in Leningrad with orchestra, and two in Kiev were with orchestra. All the others were recitals.

The repertory was almost strictly classical. The concerti were Mozart, Brahms, Bach, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven.

CHASINS: Didn't you play some American works?

STERN: Both the first recital in Moscow and the first recital in Leningrad included the Sonata by Aaron Copland. This was a very careful choice on our part because we feel that Aaron is more recognizably American, in the textures that he employs in music, than many of his colleagues, and being the dean, more or less, of our American writing school today, it would be natural to play one of his works. It would be an overstatement to say that it was greeted with rapturous applause or understanding. They were a bit puzzled by it, and while they found many things that they enjoyed, they gave most of the time the classic answer, "Very interesting, but we would like to hear it again before really coming to an opinion about it." The audiences, incidentally, are quite, quite extraordinary. I think we all know and all recognize that audiences the world over—sophisticated audiences—will react pretty much the same way to the bravura, to the virtuoso, to the brilliant effect. And the Russians are no exception in this case—their own standards of performance are very high. But what was most extraordinary was the enormous reaction to a phrase—to a sensitive, quiet ending of a slow movement of a Mozart concerto.

CHASINS: Was it audible? Could you hear it?

STERN: Audible? A sigh would go through the audience. They would

turn and smile at each other. Sunlight would seem to pass over their faces.

CHASINS: What about the Russian students? How do these modern musicians react to a poetic ideal?

STERN: It is rather extraordinary to note that while they understood and felt this to an amazing depth, they didn't quite know how to go about doing it themselves. I heard students whose technical facility was just astonishing. They have worked hard—they are very hard workers. They have complete violinistic instrumental background. And yet identification with what we call contemporary music is strongly lacking in knowledge of what are the contemporary trends in the rest of the world today.

I was very much overwhelmed by the enormous praise we received from musicians and especially the press. It was quite ecstatic, but I took it as a compliment to our standards of performance in America today. After all, I have grown up here. This is where my ideas have come from. Artists today don't live in a little ivory tower and get ideas from unknown sources. You reflect the world in which you live and the circumstances under which you grow, and for that reason I think the Russians' praise for me was a recognition of the kind of musical approach that we have—by our great conductors, by our fine orchestras, and by the performers whom we admire, and by the whole fabric of music in the United States.

The Musical Elite

CHASINS: Of course, you played with all their great orchestras.

STERN: No, not all. There are many, many orchestras. This should be emphasized. For example, Moscow has two symphony orchestras, a radio orchestra, an opera orchestra, and a ballet orchestra. There are many orchestras. I played in Moscow with the orchestra known as the State Orchestra of the U.S.S.R. There is also the Moscow State Orchestra of the city of Moscow. The U.S.S.R., with which I played, is the big orchestra. The radio orchestra is first-rate, I am told. In Leningrad there are two major orchestras. The Leningrad Philharmonic is generally considered the best orchestra in Russia, and I must agree with this from what I heard. It is a fine orchestra.

There is a strange dichotomy in the musical standard there which was interesting to me to note. I found a much higher standard of playing in the Conservatory among the students that I heard—students of Oistrakh, students of Yampolsky, other teachers at the Conservatory—than in the orchestras. Most of the students still

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have, as they have here, the idea of concert or nothing. There wasn't as much planning as might have been expected for training in orchestral playing.

CHASINS: You mean the students want solo careers?

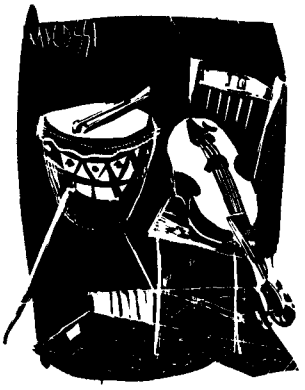
STERN: Solo careers, that's right. However, they have several drawbacks. One of their major drawbacks is their instruments. Their instruments are very poor. Their standard of violin-repair work, for example, is quite bad. I saw innumerable instruments—Strads, Guarnieris, fine original instruments—chopped up and smeared over and generally not kept in good condition. And you would hear, for example, in the Leningrad Philharmonic an astonishing performance of the Tchaikovsky Fifth, of all things, also Mozart's G-Minor Symphony, led by Ravinsky, which was beautiful in design and not saccharine or oversweet or overblown in its performance—really controlled and planned and wonderfully designed for climaxes. But if you would ask for an enormous power on the cello, you would get a rasp. The men played well but the instruments couldn't respond.

CHASINS: How does the Soviet government decide the direction, the nature of a music student's career?

STERN: Well, it is not the Russian government as such. I can't give you detail for detail exactly how it works. I am not sure that they know themselves because there are boards, there are decisions to be made. You see, a young artist playing today in Russia can still be a student in the Conservatory and become already a concert artist traveling around the country. And they are rated as far as fee is concerned. They have a scale, and let us say that the basic unit when the student begins from the Conservatory is 1. I don't know how far this scale goes, but just for the sake of discussion, let us say that a major artist like Oistrakh, or Richter, or Gilels, or Rostropovitch will get a rating of 10. That means he gets ten units for every concert no matter where he plays. All his expenses are paid by the local society, including rail and hotel and his accompanist, and he gets a net fee at all times.

Now there are examining boards that decide if a student is worthy of beginning a concert career. Then comes the inevitable decider, the public. And the public there does have an instinctive knowledge. Their instinctive feeling for music is something just wonderful. They have this whole background and history of folk melody. You see, people sing all the time. You go to a restaurant, and you will see a group of men sitting around having a few drinks. They will break out into song.

It must be understood also the kind of position an artist has in the Soviet Union. This is an elite group.



It is a special group that is treasured, revered, loved. And by artist I mean performer, the orchestra man, the dancer, the writer, the composer, all the elements that go into art forms as we know them. This kind of recognition and the economic security that goes with it are, of course, another incentive for the youngster to work hard.

I am now not going to become a pundit on Russian affairs. But from what I saw I would say that the work that has been done to support musical efforts, artistic efforts generally, is an answer not to a political credo but to a need within the people themselves. They live with music. All their artistic performances are crowded, jammed to capacity. They can't play enough concerts.

Oistrakh's Camera

CHASINS: We know, of course, that you're old friends by now with Gilels and Oistrakh. I know you met and talked with them and drove around New York. Did you see them in Russia?

STERN: Gilels was in Belgium judging the Queen Elizabeth contest, which was won by a Russian—Ashkenazi I think. But Oistrakh was there. He and his son came to the hotel the night we arrived with a bottle of champagne to greet us. We were guests at his home—in his apartment. I was at his classes. He was at all the concerts, and when I went to Leningrad to play, he was going to play the same days while we were there. So every night, he was at my concert or I was at his.

CHASINS: Did he say anything to you about his reception here? How did he feel about it?

STERN: Very moved by it. They were frankly a little on edge. I know the leading artists, those who have traveled a bit, have a rather clear idea of our musical standard. They know from records and from conversation—you know, sort of this intimate professional underground that exists around the world. They all know that Heifetz and Rubinstein and Horowitz and Milstein and Piatigorsky and Monteux and Toscanini and Ormandy—everyone has come here. Well, obviously, these "all-American boys" have added to our musical tradition.

CHASINS: What did Oistrakh say about America?

STERN: Very strong and very happy. I will give you an example, a concrete one. While he was here he had a little movie camera, and he took films all around the country. As a matter of fact, he came up to our apartment and took films of the city on the terrace. And from his suite up at the hotel, which overlooked Central Park, he took all the views there, and in other cities he visited. For instance, traffic, how many cars. And the night before he left, my accompanist, Mr. Zakin, took him down to Times Square and he took pictures of the lights, the theaters, the people, and the restaurants, and the bustle and the hustle. And, you know, he took this film with him when he went from city to city in Russia to show it to friends—to show them what America was like. He was very happy about it. And they were just delighted.

There are certain facets of this which I think are very important. If I would go into a store to buy a samovar, for instance, there would be a crowd of people gathering

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around. "Oh, you are the American violinist. This is a very good one. Buy this one. Don't buy that one. It is not as good. This is a real old-style one. This is a marvelous one." And the man wrapping it up for me, an elderly man with a beard, wearing boots: "You and your family will be happy with this one. I will take good care and pack it well and I will test it for you and see that it works right." This kind of warmth you find in the people in the streets.

CHASINS: They must have been delighted to find that you spoke some Russian.

STERN: Oh, yes, that made an enormous difference. I speak it very badly—but very fluently. Complete impudence. I had a long conversation from the stage. We gave a special concert free to the students at the Conservatory. And after that, I stayed on stage and had questions handed up to me. And for about three-quarters of an hour we spoke in Russian on musical standards, approaches toward music, methods of practicing, artists' efforts, who the artists are, what they are doing, and so on. All very acute questions.

And there is this enormous interest—this eagerness—to know what is going on in the rest of the world. Let no one be fooled. They know that they have been cut off.

CHASINS: Can they demand to know more?

STERN: They feel that they can now. I have no idea whether the new approach, the friendly approach, the kind of freedom they feel exists today in contradiction to what was a couple of years ago, whether this will continue, whether it is a sincere effort from the top down, whether it is something that can be turned on and off. But this must be emphasized: These people are so gifted in their understanding of music that we in the West have a responsibility to see that they know as much about us as is humanly possible—in terms that cannot be perverted by change of words or by different political intent. Here is the thing I think we can say to them—"This is what we believe in. This is what we want. This is our dignity. This is our belief in the human spirit." All this not in words, but by playing music.

Freedom of the Press

A Short Story

OTTO FRIEDRICH

"I DON'T want to talk about it," said the frozen voice at the other end of the telephone.

"Now, all I'm trying to do is get at the truth," Slattery cooed, as he baited another trap. "Say, Mr. Swanson, your daughter's never been in trouble before, has she?"

"Certainly not!" Swanson cried. "She's always been a good girl."

"I see," Slattery mumbled. On the pad of cheap copy paper clamped under a corner of the telephone, he scribbled: "Says good girl."

"No running around with teen gangs?" Slattery pursued. "Playing hooky? Wild parties? Nothing like that? Naturally, we want your version."

"No, damn it!" Swanson shouted. "Now get this straight—Marilyn's just a sweet innocent kid, and nothing would have gone wrong if that Dahl boy had stayed away."

"How long has he been coming around?" Slattery guided his victim.

"Oh, about a year. He wanted to marry her, you understand, but I said I wasn't going to have my daughter marry some crazy kid that spends all his time taking cars apart and hasn't even got a job."

"Well, did she say she loved him? Why'd she run away like that? Didn't she give any *reason*?"

"I don't know, I tell you!" Swanson shouted. "I don't know. She just said she wanted to get away from it all. Say, wait a minute."

There was a long pause, while Slattery drew jagged lines on the copy paper, thinking: "Why can't they ever just hang up on me? Why do they let me treat them this way? There's no law against telling me to go to hell."

A NEW VOICE, high and indignant, came over the telephone. "Hello? Hello?"

"Hello, Mrs. Swanson," Slattery said amiably. "I'm trying to find out whether Marilyn's in love with this Dahl boy and whether they're going to get married."

"Well, it's none of your business, Mr. Nosey, but let me tell you this—that Dahl boy is a troublemaker, and I think he *kidnaped* her. Marilyn wouldn't go off with anybody like him unless she was forced to. I'm sure of that."

"Kidnaped!" Slattery echoed, scribbling. "Well, are you going to file kidnaping charges with the police?"

"I might!" Mrs. Swanson cried. "I just might!"

"Well, what about that note that Marilyn left, saying she wanted to get away from it all?" Slattery demanded.

"I think he *made* her write that note," Mrs. Swanson declared in a triumphant tone that indicated she had taken considerable thought to reach this conclusion.

"Now, what about this boy Marilyn's engaged to?" Slattery went on.

"We've told you enough now," Mrs. Swanson said. "You just say in your paper that Eddie Dahl is a roughneck and I think he must have kidnaped her, and stop bothering my poor husband any more."

The click of the telephone hurt Slattery's ear.

SLATTERY was an old pro and still a good one, white-haired, turning to fat. A good man, fast, reliable, Slattery drank to normal excess at least four nights a week, voted Democratic, distrusted politicians, foreigners, and advertising. Scoops? Slattery had been in the newspaper business for twenty-eight years, and near the top for fifteen, and he had never had a scoop worth mentioning. He was a pro. When he worried, it was not about the news but about his weight and his heart. The news came and went every day. After his health, Slattery had only two constant worries—his son, Francis, who wanted to become a newspaperman but had been pushed into Air Force

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electronics training, and his daughter, Doris, who didn't seem to want anything. For years Slattery had feared her ruin; now he feared spinsterhood. She just seemed to drift from job to job and boy friend to timid boy friend. Doris was twenty-four.

"How you making out, Harry?" asked Ward Gibbons, the city editor. He was a hippopotamus of a man, huge, bad-tempered, and omnivorous.

"Not bad," Slattery said. "The girl's mother claims she must have been kidnaped. Says she may file kidnaping charges."

The city editor burst into such a vomiting laugh that he choked. His cigar dropped onto the floor, and he coughed phlegm and tobacco juice into a spotless handkerchief.

"Boy, I like that!" Gibbons said, his red eyes watering. He stepped thoughtfully on the cigar and drew another from his perfect blue suit.

"Got a picture here," he went on. "Not bad."

Slattery took the enlarged photograph and studied it. The girl was seventeen and beautiful, mainly because of her youth. The class-album portrait emphasized large, dark eyes, full mouth, a high forehead, and a mass of unfashionably long, dark hair. But even in the frozen pose, there was an expression of restless discontent that Slattery imagined growing less attractive every year. Fed on the usual illusions, he speculated, she probably yearned for more, in terms of handsome boys, money, clothes, dancing. If she ever found her romance, her illusions would be killed; if she didn't, they would wither.

"Screwy kid," Slattery muttered with annoyance, handing back the photograph.

"What's the boy's family got to say?" Gibbons demanded.

"I haven't got hold of them yet," Slattery said.

"Well, get onto them," Gibbons said gruffly. "Try that kidnap line on them. I bet they'll go for that."

Both the Swansons and the Dahls lived in Unionburg, a comfortable community sixty miles north of the city. Slattery put in another call and then took notes on the basic story clipped from that morning's last edition on the *Star*. The tiny episode was announced in giant letters on the front page: TEEN HEIRESS ELOPES TO FLA.

An unimportant event, but food for the public lust. Slattery wondered whether his anonymous competitor on the *Star* knew that Marilyn was heiress only to a modest hardware business. But since the morning tabloid had baptized the girl an heiress, Slattery was virtually obliged to follow suit in the afternoon *Dispatch*. The *Star* hinted that eighteen-year-old Eddie Dahl was the whirlwind in Marilyn's past, the dark, disreputable passion that she had tried to cast aside for the sake of a respectable future with her fiancé, George Loring, aged eighteen, who was to marry her when he finished college. To confirm and enlarge on and write arabesques about such a hint was Slattery's chief job. That was what Gibbons had meant when he greeted Slattery that morning with the simple command to "get on the tail of that bitch from Unionburg."

"Hello?" said a vague, robotlike voice on the telephone.

"Hello, Mrs. Dahl?"

"Ye-e-e-s?"

"This is Harry Slattery on the *Dispatch*. Tell me, have you heard any word from Eddie? Any idea where he is"

"No, no," Mrs. Dahl said. She spoke like someone who was under hypnosis.

"What do you think about his wanting to marry that girl? Did you know he wanted to?"

"Oh, he talked about it, but he's still just such a boy," Mrs. Dahl said. "I don't want to talk about it now, please."

"Say, Mrs. Swanson says Eddie kidnaped the girl," Slattery said abruptly. That would keep her from hanging up.

"What's that?" the voice seemed to come alive.

"She says she may file kidnaping charges against Eddie."

"Oh!" Mrs. Dahl moaned. "Oh! Oh!"

"You think he did that?" Slattery insisted. "You think he kidnaped her?"

"That was a terrible lie, and she knows it!" Mrs. Dahl cried.

"Well, why do you think they ran off together the way they did?" Slattery coaxed.

"Why, she's always been after him!" Mrs. Dahl exploded. "One day she's telephoning him all day, one day she tells him to leave her alone, not to talk to her, then she

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says she loves him, then she doesn't."

"Yes?" Slattery said, scribbling.

"I think she's crazy, that's what I think," Mrs. Dahl declared. "And she's practically driving my Eddie crazy too. He needs a nice steady girl, not like her. She needs a good whipping, that girl."

"She's a troublemaker, eh? You think maybe the girl kidnaped him?" Slattery suggested. "Or led him into it?"

"Yeah," Mrs. Dahl said vaguely. "It must—have—been." Her voice dropped into a croak and she began crying into the telephone. Slattery listened for the click, but the woman didn't hang up.

"Well, thank you, Mrs. Dahl," Slattery said.

"Kidnaping!" Mrs. Dahl sobbed. "My Eddie! He's all I have! Oh, no! No! No!"

"Well, it'll probably turn out O.K.," Slattery offered, but Mrs. Dahl only continued groaning into the telephone. After a minute, Slattery himself hung up.

HE was still embarrassed as he finished scribbling notes and lit a cigarette. He told himself, as he usually did, that a dozen other reporters would be asking Mrs. Dahl the same questions, and so would the police, and probably the neighbors too. But it still embarrassed him. There were times when he felt like a surgeon operating without anaesthetic and without any pretense at healing.

For twenty-eight years he had been questioning mothers about how their children drowned, asking newly widowed women how the fire started, informing men that their wives had been killed in auto accidents. Such things were easy to write, in the stereotype of news, but most of the time they were not worth writing at all. It was always more or less the same, the woman saying she couldn't believe it, everything happened so quickly, her face contorting into grimaces, her memory rambling over things the child had said, warnings ignored. No news in that. Occasionally a photographer would try a dramatic picture of the woman, with her torn face, her hands clawing at the crushed body. The picture wasn't really news either, but people paid to look at it. And the photographer could hopefully enter it in a contest. Slattery stubbed out the cigarette against the side of his desk and put in a call to the Loring household. It was the deserted fiancé himself who answered.

"SAY, you still going to marry Marilyn if she doesn't marry Dahl?" Slattery demanded.

"I don't see how I can," Loring said promptly. Slattery took an instant dislike to him. This was what he dreaded as a son-in-law.

"Aren't you still in love with her?" Slattery asked.

"Well, I guess so," Loring said. "But I'll have to talk things over with Marilyn. I—I don't know what to do."

"Who is this Dahl anyway? What's he like?"

"He's no good," Loring said. "He was always the dumbest kid in school. All he ever cared about was zipping around in souped-up cars."

"What about you?" Slattery said.

"How long've you been going around with Marilyn?"

"Oh, ever since we were kids. We've always been good friends. Then I popped the question last fall, and first she said no, but then she finally said yes, and I thought everything was all settled, but now . . ."

"Well, suppose she comes back and says it was all a mistake, and she's sorry, and she still loves you, then you still won't marry her?"

"God, I just don't know. I don't think so, no, not unless she makes it pretty convincing. You know what I mean? My parents say I shouldn't ever speak to her again."

"O.K., thanks a lot," Slattery said, hanging up in disgust.

He lit another cigarette and wondered about his future as a father-in-law. He had thought Doris would meet some prospective husband at college—wasn't that the usual thing?—but she hadn't. Now she worked at the music store, and there was no future in that. He had thought she was serious about the man who owned the store. They went out together a lot, but she said it was just friendship.

Friendship? What is a father to think? First it was a clubfoot, or a birthmark, or idiocy. Then came polio, bronchitis, or the aftereffects of measles. Blind? Deaf? Anything could happen. Then there were short circuits, fires, speeding cars, falls from the upstairs window or the tree house, then the maniac rapist or the schoolboy in the back seat, and still polio. You get no thanks for worrying, and nobody pays you for it. He snuffed out the cigarette.

"HEY!" cried Ward Gibbons, rolling his cigar around in his mouth and brandishing an AP story as he waddled to Slattery's desk. "Hey, look at this! They nabbed those kids down near Philly. Get onto the cops down there. And you've only got half an hour to deadline."

Slattery had the good fortune to get a talkative policeman on the line, a Patrolman Doffey, who had made the pickup. He had stopped Dahl for making a wrong turn. Suspecting a car theft, he brought the runaways back to the station and found that he was momentarily famous. He basked in the celebrity of a long-distance call as he told all this to Slattery.

"Say, did they get married?" Slattery asked.

"Naw," Doffey drawled. "I asked them that when I found out who they were. Nothing like that."

"Well, where'd they spend last night, then?"

"Oh, I wouldn't get too excited about this if I was you," the policeman returned amiably. "'Course I don't know all about everything they been doing, but if you ask me, they're just a pair of kids looking for a little excitement."

"Well, what kind of excitement?" Slattery insisted, seeing his story fade. "What did they say, exactly?"

"Well, she says they drove all night—they didn't stay anywhere—and I asked her why she was running away, and she says she just got fed up.

"'I just couldn't stand it any

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more,' she says. 'You don't know what Unionburg is like,' she says. 'Unionburg is just like it sounds like, and everything just stays the same, and everybody gets married and grows old and dies, and I can't stand it any more.' That's what she told me."

"Yeah," Slattery said gloomily. "What about that Dahl kid? What's he say?"

"Aw, he's trying to act tough. You know that kid stuff. None of your business, he says."

Slattery had all the details on the arrest and imprisonment, so he dismissed the benevolent policeman, only to find Gibbons glowering in front of his desk.

"Damn cop says they didn't do anything," Slattery complained. "Just kid stuff, he says. He may be right, for all I know."

"Don't give me that, for Chrissakes," Gibbons growled. "This is page 1 stuff, and nobody wants to hear about what good little kids they were. Give it to me in short takes."

Slattery cranked a wad of copy paper and faded carbons into his typewriter, thought for a moment, and then sprang. Within three minutes, he shouted for a boy and sent the first page to Gibbons's desk.

As PAGE followed page, every detail was fitted in, not quite as it had happened but more or less as it should have happened. Mr. Swanson's assertion that his daughter was "a good girl" implied a tragedy of paternal ignorance of the sins of the wayward younger generation. Mrs. Swanson's charge of kidnaping was made to suggest white slavery. Mrs. Dahl's acknowledgment that her son might have been kidnaped himself conjured up an even more lurid scene. Loring was portrayed as the bewildered cuckold. And nothing summed up the interstate orgy so completely as Dahl's defiant statement to the forces of law and order that his lusts were "none of your business."

Five pages of narrative erupted from Slattery's unhesitating typewriter before he signed it off with the mark generally used to start a game of ticktacktoe. The relaxation from writing at top speed was almost voluptuous, and he sat back with a cigarette, thinking: "It makes a good story, and maybe it did all happen that way. Maybe I was just putting in what they left out. Nobody will ever know."

Gibbons's only sign of approval was his silent movement in passing

on the story without objections. A few minutes later he waddled over to Slattery's desk, stretching himself in the enjoyment of a deadline newly past, and said, "You might as well grab yourself some lunch. I expect we'll want to get the parents going down there to pick them up for the next edition."

Slattery never ate much lunch. Anxiety and too many cigarettes during the morning ruined his appetite. He dawdled over a hamburger and coffee, wondering how to waste another half hour, then slid off the diner bar stool and telephoned his home.

"SOMETHING wrong?" his wife asked.

"No, no," Slattery said vaguely. "How're things?"

"All right, dear. I've been getting things ready for the canasta club."

"Uh-huh."

"Busy at the office?"

"Just the usual, dear," Slattery said. "Nothing much."

"Well, it's nice you called," his wife said.

"How's Doris?" Slattery asked.

"Well, you saw her at breakfast the same as I did. She's the same as any other day, I guess. Why?"

"Nothing, dear," Slattery said. "I just got to thinking of you and thought I'd call."

MOVIES:

Thar She Blows!

ROBERT BINGHAM

"MOBY DICK," as produced and directed by John Huston, deserves to be called an epic more than any other motion picture I have ever seen. Not one of Hollywood's Christmas-turkey spectaculars, stuffed to bursting with chariot races, regiments of paid warriors clashing in battle, and 1,000 slave girls 1,000, has conveyed so compellingly the sense of great action played out greatly as this spare, hard dramatization of Ahab's quest for the white whale.

If this praise seems not extravagant enough, I would go further and say that Ray Bradbury's screen play, in which Mr. Huston also took a hand, is in some ways an improvement on the original book. There have been complaints about the film from devoted Melville buffs, and so perhaps I should admit that vast leagues of the novel bored me stiff when I finally tacked my way laboriously through it after three or four false starts. It strikes me as one of those admittedly great classics, like *Robinson Crusoe* and Kafka's *Trial*, whose plot and situation, as distilled apart from the book by time and familiarity, are actually much more imposing than the written book itself.

I sometimes wonder if Melville, too impressed for his own good by his recent immersion in Shakespeare and by the awareness that a few dozen pleasant vernacular tales by Cooper, Irving, and James K. Paulding had not yet created an American literature of any consequence, was not piling it on rather indiscriminately in his efforts to produce a native classic; he dedicated *Moby Dick* to Hawthorne, as if to establish a

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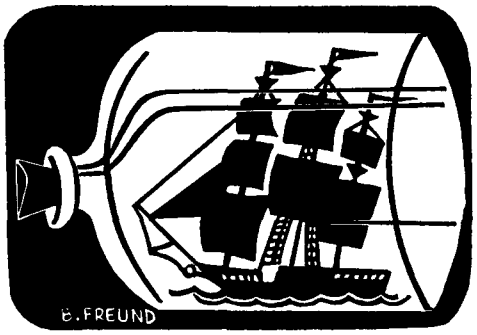


tradition in the wilderness. The tradition is there, all right, and it is a solid one. But our filial gratitude should not blind us to the fact that part of what we have inherited from Melville is that ingrown strain of self-conscious symbolism which has ever since infected the worst of our best writing.

Short Two Hours

If it is the drama of Ahab's defiance rather than Melville's uncharted leviathan meanderings that is the greatness of *Moby Dick*, then the Messrs. Huston and Bradbury have certainly found that essence among all the words and translated it superbly to the screen. The most vivid descriptions of whales and whaling become part of the action rather than discursive interruptions.

I have checked over the few notable changes that have been made in Melville's text and conclude without hesitation that, as they play on the screen, they are truer to Melville's purpose than a strict following of the letter would have been. For instance, the screen play eliminates entirely the shadowy character of Ahab's Parsee harpooner, putting the substance of his Delphic prediction of doom at the beginning of the narrative into the mouth of the wild-eyed wharf rat Elijah before the *Pequod* sets out to sea, and logically assigning Ahab himself rather than the Parsee to be carried to death bound by fouled lines to the sounding white whale. Whatever is lost by the alteration is more than made up for by concentration of dramatic unity. From start to finish all the action of the film serves to develop what is most central to the theme—a man's magnificent and blasphemous pride in attempting to destroy the brutal, unreasoning force that maims him and turns man-made order into chaos. All the action of the film moves directly toward the inevitable failure of that attempt. It is the shortest two-hour movie I have ever seen.

Ahab and Starbuck

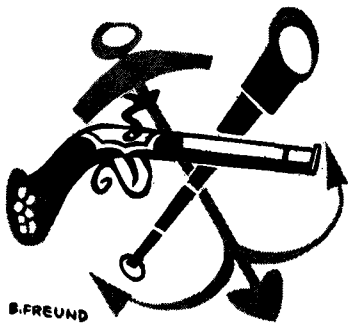
Although I find no faults in the picture worth mentioning, it is to be regretted that some aspects of it lack the genius of the writing and direction. The story is Ahab's story, and while that story is told less in Ahab's words than in what befalls the ship he commands, the total effect of the film is not all it might have been if a really powerful actor had played the part instead of Gregory Peck. Mind you, Mr. Peck's performance is quite adequate. But it must be said that he is most effective when Mr. Huston shows only his dark outline on the quarter-deck

or the anxious faces of sailors in the foc'sle at night listening to the pulse-like drumming of his ivory peg on the deck above. In close-ups, unfortunately, you can never quite get it out of your mind that it is after all only a famous Hollywood star dressed up to look like Lincoln with a scar who is telling the reluctant first mate, "There is one God that is Lord over the earth, and one Captain that is Lord over the *Pequod*."

Incidentally, the characterization of Ahab at moments like this is much strengthened by the very fine performance of Leo Genn, who plays the first mate, Starbuck. More than anything it is the desperate hold on sanity of this quiet, inspissated Quaker that shows how deep are the currents of madness around him. It was Starbuck, you may remember, who said in the book, "I will have no man in my boat who is not afraid of a whale." He went to sea to kill whales, not to be killed by them, knowing "not only that the most reliable and useful courage was that which arises from the fair estimation of the encountered peril, but that an utterly fearless man is a far more dangerous comrade than a coward." The final capitulation to the passion for killing Moby Dick that has been written in for Starbuck himself by the Messrs. Huston and Bradbury is another of their master strokes in revising the text for the screen.

If I say that none of the other actors is outstanding, I mean only that they have been properly subordinated to what is basically a pantomime of the ship, the sea, and the whale. The triumph is that of the producer-director, not that of the actors. He has shown so much imagination—most of all in the selection of Mr. Bradbury, hitherto known principally as a writer of science fiction, to do the screen play; and also in the unusual texture of the film, black-and-white superimposed on color to give the effect of a soot-darkened oil painting too old to be cleaned—that it would seem almost petty to carp at him for restraining his imagination in the casting of the lead part. After all, the picture must have been an expensive one to make, and not many producers are rich enough to disregard the hallowed star system when a big investment is at stake. The box office must be served, and Mr. Peck was surely not the worst choice that might have been made.

Even so, I cannot help thinking how much greater this great picture might have been if Walter Huston had lived to play Ahab under his son's direction.



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ELMER DAVIS and ARCHIBALD MacLEISH issue

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on behalf of:

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vs.	vs.	vs.
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Drifting Toward the Rapids

AUGUST HECKSCHER

AMERICAN POLITICS IN A REVOLUTIONARY WORLD, by Chester Bowles. *Harvard University Press. $2.25.*

Chester Bowles has come to be recognized increasingly as an inquiring mind and an able writer. A sense of moral purpose is in him, entirely devoid of either unctuousness or hucksterism. He speaks about the big things that concern his country and his world quietly, without dogmatism, as one who seeks for answers it is not quite given to him to find. This latest small book of his, composed of the three Godkin Lectures delivered last winter at Harvard, brings him into fields he has not dealt with previously; it finds him examining American history and the basis of American politics with the same inquiring air with which he has approached the mysteries of Asia.

Mr. Bowles's thesis has the merit of being so simple and understandable that it is already becoming a commonplace of current political discussion. He argues, in brief, that the movement of American politics is not through the antitheses of Right and Left; its pattern shows rather a widespread agreement uniting the two parties. Yet this agreement generates inevitably a kind of political indifference or obtuseness. Out of the resulting crisis a new agreement, or consensus, is born; and the two parties are reconstructed, not without many signs of dissidence and complaint, in a new mold.

An outstanding leader becomes the instrument of this periodic transformation. He calls forth his party to an assault upon the inherited ideas and traditional procedures and hears raised up against him cries of "dictator" and worse. His party suffers from the strain; he must look outside the ranks of formal supporters for his allies. Even after the new pattern has been firmly established there will be backslidings and small counter-revolutions. But in the end the whole country comes around to ideas which a few years before had seemed heretical and radical, and a time of universal conformity begets the next great crisis.

Only three times in our political history does Mr. Bowles see this wheel turning full circle. The crises in thought and action have occurred in 1800, in 1862, and in 1932—under Jefferson, Lincoln, and Franklin Roosevelt. The ensuing agreements have been represented by the acceptance of popular democracy, the growth of the new capitalism, and the development of the welfare state.

One could perhaps quarrel with this division, arranging the elements of our history into a different pattern. It could be said that Jackson rather than Jefferson epitomized the fight against privilege, or that Lincoln did not so much sound the keynote of the industrial age as hasten its coming through Northern victory in the Civil War. Yet whatever the rearrangement of details, Mr. Bowles's thesis would remain substantially unaltered. American politics certainly does move through massive metamorphoses, rather than through smaller but more frequent alterations of opinion.

New Consensus A-Coming

The best part of the thesis is its usefulness in understanding the current situation. The present-day insensitiveness to ideas, the emphasis on harmony and moderation, the lack of fire in our political life, can all be seen in the light cast by Mr. Bowles as symptoms of an advanced case of consensus. The Republicans under President Eisenhower have accepted virtually all the ideas hammered out in the conflicts of two generations; and the Democrats, meanwhile, have failed to get any new ones. The coming campaign, Mr. Bowles suggests, will be fought on issues that in retrospect may seem as irrelevant as those which formed the substance of the Hoover and Roosevelt campaign speeches of 1932. Once again men may stand, unknowing, at the threshold of a period of intellectual enlargement and spiritual deepening.

Harris & Ewing

Chester Bowles

INDEED, the significant point about Mr. Bowles's reading of history is that it permits him to speculate upon the coming stage of our politics—the formation, through a creative ferment, of a consensus to which the next generations will respond. The Eisenhower Administration may well be seen to have had for its historic task the gathering of the Republicans into a unity based on responsible internationalism and the concept of welfare politics—a kind of national consolidation before new and arduous stages of the journey are undertaken. That is not an inconsiderable task. It is certainly not so ignoble that it needs to be disguised by slogans so as to appear as if everything the present Republican Administration has done, both in domestic and international affairs, were different from anything ever done before.

Mr. Bowles does not pretend to see the way in which the new consensus will come about—what groups in the population will first give it expression, what party will lead it,

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whether it will be attained soon or late. He does, however, have some suggestive insights upon its underlying substance. Every period of abrupt change and new-won assent, he says, has marked an advance in freedom; and the next consensus will find its stimulus in the world-wide revolution now taking place. Americans, he suggests, will broaden their thinking and their political programs so as to bring their prosperity and wealth into harmony with the compulsions of the new international order.

Every existing scheme of things includes within it the seeds of developments that later will become dominant. In the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, Herbert Hoover anticipated, gingerly and somewhat guiltily, the kind of program the New Deal was later to administer with enthusiasm. So the Marshall Plan and Point Four may conceivably turn out to have been the first tentative steps in what will grow into a mighty movement. The ensuing stage in our politics may see "foreign aid" transformed, its implications unraveled in novel forms and made central in our relations with one another and with the rest of the globe.

ANOTHER recent book, Gunnar Myrdal's brilliant *An International Economy*, suggests what he calls the "moral dilemma" of the citizens of today's advanced countries. They see the unprecedented well-being of their own society developing in nationalistic terms, he says, while the world becomes fatefully interdependent. That disharmony must somehow be bridged; and the tension is of the kind from which every genuinely creative work has sprung.

Mr. Bowles has sketched in broad terms the shape of things to come. He leaves it to others to begin answering the hard questions which lie under the surface of the present widespread accord. It is none too early for that beginning. One feels that the calm cannot last indefinitely. And to drift too long is not merely to come to the edge of the rapids, the point at which Americans have traditionally begun to think. In a nuclear age, it might be to drop over the rim.

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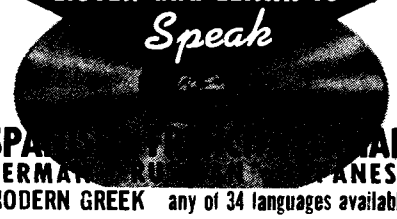

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Ring Lardner: Highbrow in Hiding

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

RING LARDNER, by Donald Elder. *Doubleday. $4.75.*

Ring Lardner's fame since his death in 1933 has been of the same character, essentially, as it was during his lifetime: He is regarded as a sports writer who wrote fiction in slang about baseball, a view that is at once accurate and inaccurate. Donald Elder's excellent full-length study of Lardner ought to help correct the neglect, one-sided understanding, and misunderstanding of Lardner's work.

Elder says that Lardner belongs "to a line of American originals, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Melville, Whitman, and Mark Twain," and it is obvious that he regards Lardner as a great writer of fiction and one of the greatest—possibly the greatest—of American humorists. But he does tend to take Lardner's importance for granted, like most devout admirers. This is perhaps largely because he is overly impressed by the tributes paid to Lardner during the last ten years of his life, when the highbrow literary acclaim he received involved comparisons with Shakespeare, Swift, and Chekhov, among others. It was a time when all authors were either major or worthless, and a critic who described an author as a good minor writer knew that he had dismissed him as a mediocrity.

The piece Scott Fitzgerald wrote on Lardner right after his death shows how quickly Lardner's literary reputation was dissipated. Fitzgerald, who should have known better, said that Lardner's mind had never gotten beyond the compass of the ball field. Although baseball is not only the national pastime but a national passion, and humor is a very important part of daily American life, the tendency to think of writing about any sport and the work of any professional humorist as outside the realm of serious literature still persists fairly strongly.

Elder deals very well with the notion that Lardner's fiction is limited in meaning simply because he writes about baseball: "His preoccupation with sport reflected a longing for an ideal world where the rules, if observed, guaranteed the triumph of merit; it also reflected his acute sense of the disparity between the way people were supposed to behave and the way they did."

The Wise Fool

Lardner's wonderful nonsense plays show how easy it is to underestimate Lardner's work as merely amusing. Thus a stage direction in one nonsense play—"The curtain is lowered for seven days to denote the lapse of a week"—is very funny and is at the same time a concise definition of the limitations of naturalism in the theater, suggested probably by the later plays of Eugene O'Neill. This is true also of the wild list of characters with which each of the little plays begins. "Anne Nichols, a six day bicyclist," and "Herbert Swope, a nonentity," may be dated or topical, but to those who know something of Dreiser's life, "Theodore Dreiser, a former Follies girl," will mean more now than when Lardner wrote, and the present-day reader will surely recognize that "Walter Winchell, a nun" is something more than nonsense.

THIS is all the clearer in the dialogue of the nonsense plays, which abound in references to havoc, wedlock, marital discord, money, murder, and a good deal else that can be summarized in the time and place of one play, "a one way street in Jeopardy," and the acknowledgment on the title page of another: "translated from the Mastoid by Ring W. Lardner." The latter may or may not be evidence that the way English was used often affected Lardner like a serious disease, a pain in the ears, but there is sufficient evidence of the fact throughout his writing.

Lardner's hypersensitivity to language was a hypersensitivity to human suffering, a fact which becomes clear only when his fiction is related to his humor. His acute sense of the disparity between the way people should behave and the way they do is very often expressed in his stories by translations from the Mastoid, the use of English that dramatizes the disparity between the way English ought to be used and the way it is used. Since the comic style of his humor is identical with the narrative method of his fiction, where the characters often damn themselves by their own account of human behavior, it is natural enough to overlook the depth of satirical meaning that characterizes his fiction and a good deal of his humor also.

LARDNER'S WORK is, among other things, a serious criticism of American life, deeply rooted in the purely American and characteristically Midwestern belief that "the rules, if observed, guaranteed the triumph of merit," to quote Elder again. In some of Lardner's best stories the successful human beings are those who break all the rules continually. In other stories either the leading characters are entirely unaware of the quality of their behavior and of the possible existence of rules, in human relationships as well as in games, or the success gained by breaking the rules enables them to continue to break them with impunity. Lardner's insight went beyond any simple contrast of how those who broke the rules flourished and those who observed them found that they certainly did not guarantee the triumph of merit. The real point, again and again, is that the rules are irrelevant to success and failure.

In "Horseshoes" the hero is a ballplayer who never gets credit for his feats on the playing field but is regarded as overwhelmingly lucky; his rival, who really is lucky, is regarded as very skillful. When the hero and his rival court the same girl, the hero wins out neither through skill nor luck, but by punching his rival in the nose. The unawareness of the

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small town is essentially the same as that of the big town, Broadway, Tin Pan Alley, and the expensive suburbs, whether it is a matter of playing practical jokes or of playing golf and bridge. The characters are above all guilty of unawareness: They have no sense of the possibilities of existence, nor of the quality of their behavior when they are cruel and mean, or when they cheat and steal for trivial sums or a few golf balls.

At the center of Lardner's fiction, quite rightly, is the subject of marriage, since it is not only the inspiration and climax of romance and courtship, but presumably one of the chief reasons for desiring success. In one story after another, married life is a hideous disappointment, full of unbearable boredom for either the wife or the husband or both, a fact which is clearly articulated in Lardner's humor too. In "Marriage Made Easy," a parody of the columns of advice on the problems of life syndicated in the newspapers, Lardner provides ten rules —or commandments—for the realization of the "ideal married life" by "the two belligerents." Lardner's feeling about family life can be concisely summarized by quoting one exchange in "The Young Immigrunts," between four-year-old Ring, Jr., and his father during an automobile trip:

"Are you lost daddy I arsked tenderly.

"Shut up he explained."

A Born Hater?

When the stories that express this grim vision of life appeared in periodicals such as the *Saturday Evening Post*, it was natural enough to read them as merely amusing. But when, in 1929, *Round Up*, an omnibus collection of his short stories, was published, no competent critic could miss the consistent point of view which was at the heart of all of Lardner's writing. It remained possible, however, to mistake this point of view for simple misanthropy.

Clifton Fadiman's review is the best instance of this kind of judgment. Lardner's work had its source, Fadiman said, in the fact that "... he just doesn't like people." Lardner "hates himself . . . hates his characters; and . . . his characters hate

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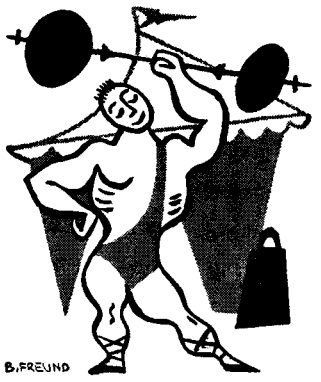

each other." This was apparently one of the few occasions when critical comment impressed or distressed Lardner, who was sufficiently wounded to sign a letter, enclosing the comment, "A Born Hater." Lardner was actually, of course, a born lover.

When Lardner's friend Fitzgerald described one of his own heroes, Gatsby, as a human being who had an "extraordinary gift of hope" and "a heightened sensitivity to the promises of life," he was describing himself and also the idealism that was Lardner's underlying attitude. When another of Fitzgerald's characters, Nick Carraway, speaks of himself wryly as one of the few honest people he has ever known, he is expressing a more negative phase of the same attitude. In Lardner as in Fitzgerald, it is the decent who suffer nightmares while those who are free of scruples and any kind of sensitivity sleep very well.

Lardner successfully concealed himself beneath the lowbrow and deadpan mask of his comic style, which, like most American humor, was written "in character." Lardner's character was that of the wise boob, who is at once voluble and half illiterate, shrewd and gullible, cocky and quite insecure. Few readers of Lardner during his lifetime can have recognized that his work was the effort of one who had grown up with all the advantages of a prosperous family, including a tutor and a dancing master, in a family circle that was ardently devoted to literature and music. The letters Lardner wrote during his long and difficult courtship of his wife reveal the mark of the highbrow clearly when Lardner signs himself "Peer Gynt" and "The husband of Jane Eyre." And the reader of his humorous pieces might have suspected, without being sure, that the sports writer was really a highbrow in hiding when he came upon references to Henry (Peaches) Adams and to the hypothetical visit of Jane Austen to New York, where she met Texas Guinan, and to Hollywood, where *Pride and Prejudice* is made into a film called "The Bath in Champagne." It is indeed difficult to imagine how Lardner, at the height of his fame, managed to conceal his highbrow inclinations not only from the public but from his close friends. His characteristic silence must have helped—at one party, Mr. Elder says, he pretended to be a Pole who knew no English—but he seems also to have fooled Scott Fitzgerald, his next-door neighbor and constant drinking companion for years. The highbrow in hiding went so far as to pretend that he didn't understand the highbrow reviews of his books.

Puritan in Speakeasy

Although the major part of Mr. Elder's book illuminates Lardner's work by giving the readers a sense of the kind of human being Lardner really was, his account of the agony

of the last seven years of Lardner's life raises a question which is either unanswerable or which perhaps can only be answered by studying his work.

The question is just why so successful and gifted a human being suffered so much and so helplessly. Lardner "was sometimes found asleep over his typewriter, his head bruised from having fallen on the machine." This kind of experience became more and more frequent during the years when Lardner was most successful and most admired—far more than he had ever expected or indeed wanted to be. Neither success nor admiration helped him very much or diminished the overwhelming anxiety that made him resort more and more to alcohol, morphine, and caffeine in an effort to cope with an insomnia that made it increasingly difficult for him to meet a daily or weekly deadline.

The anxiety often took the immediate form of financial insecurity, but this hardly accounts for a state of mind in which Lardner apparently thought seriously of suicide and which made him seem to others to be committing a kind of prolonged suicide. Lardner had been making $30,000 a year from his syndicated weekly column alone, which should have been sufficient even for the devoted husband and father of a growing family thirty years ago. Moreover, Lardner was close to acute alcoholism several times before he had a large family to support, and as his income increased, his desperation increased instead of diminishing. It seems likely that the need of money was a symbol rather than the real cause of whatever troubled him so much.

What troubled him so much is suggested strongly by the pieces which he wrote on radio programs for the *New Yorker* during the last year of his life. The savagery with which he attacked off-color songs is extreme, but not different in kind from the sentiments he expressed in previous writing. Lardner was genuinely horrified by the open and public mention of matters which he felt were proper subjects only for the private conversations of male adults. This latter attitude was certainly characteristic of the tough-talking newspapermen of Lardner's generation, including Westbrook Pegler and Harold Ross, and it is impossible to understand how, if Lardner had suffered from a total squeamishness, he could have frequented saloons, smoking cars, and speakeasies so fondly and assiduously. Whatever the kind and degree of his distaste, it is clear that there was a kind of Puritanism at the heart of his work—an innocent purity of heart and mind that was interminably appalled by the unfulfilled promises of life.

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Was Al Smith Born Thirty Years Too Soon?

ALAN HEIMERT

A CATHOLIC RUNS FOR PRESIDENT: THE CAMPAIGN OF 1928, by Edmund A. Moore. *The Ronald Press. $3.50.*

The whispering campaign of 1928 and the scarcely less virulent shouting which accompanied it probably merely helped swell an inevitable Republican majority. The use of the "religious issue" against Al Smith, carefully detailed in this study, remains important, however, as an example of the ease with which elements of the electorate—in this instance *Atlantic* readers as well as Darwin-battling Klansmen—may be seduced from consideration of genuine political issues.

For those who felt their economic and social status inexplicably threatened by a rising urban culture, Smith's Catholicism was a convenient and central symbol in an elaborate and often indiscriminate attack on not only the Pope and the "clinging racial tradition" of the immigrant but the saloon and prostitution, poodles and the New York of Tammany and the *Social Register*. Phrased as a desperate assertion of "traditional values," of an "older America" that was variously defined as "Puritan" and "Anglo-Saxon" or more specifically as rural and dry, the rhetoric sadly echoes the clichés of earlier "crusades," the high moral tone and facile snobbery of some Progressives, and that fascinating mixture of indignation and desire for the thing deplored indulged in by so many Populist spokesmen.

The techniques by which these emotions were manipulated for political advantage are now hardly unfamiliar. Vague intimations about Smith's "associates" were circulated, and an awesome Knights of Columbus "oath" was produced to prove the Catholic "conspiracy." The Republican candidate righteously condemned the activities of the whisperers but accepted their support. The Republican National Committee disclaimed responsibility for the venomous addresses to Protestant groups given by Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, an Assistant Attorney General in the Coolidge Administration.

THAT "religion" is still the "potentially divisive issue" which Professor Moore fears seems questionable at present. Just as Catholicism once succeeded the international gold cartel, the slavocracy, and the Illuminati as the devil figure of American political symbolism, its role has been usurped since 1928. As the first chapter of this volume demonstrates, there have always been some Americans dreading Popish plots, and there probably always will be. But unless the world situation alters immensely, fanatical anti-Communism—and even the enduring phenomenon of anti-Semitism—should remain more serviceable for those who seek an easy and emotionally satisfying explanation and means of exorcising their ill-defined grievances.

For several reasons—indeed, among them the haunting memory of 1928—the vanguard of this new Americanism has included many Catholics. In national politics, recent exploitations of religion—aspersions on the Protestant clergy and the whispering campaign against the Unitarian candidate in 1952—have not, by and large, been directed against Catholics.

What Professor Moore calls "the Church's well-known and uncompromising opposition" to Communism would most likely make a Roman Catholic an asset to a national ticket. His surmise that "the next nomination of a Catholic will be for the vice-presidency" is now more than academic. In 1956 the "meaning of 1928" will be less relevant than what happened in Massachusetts in 1952, when John F. Kennedy defeated Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., during an Eisenhower landslide.

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The Science Of Counting Pebbles

LINDSAY ROGERS

REVOLT OF THE MODERATES, by Samuel Lubell. *Harper. $3.75.*

A few months ago a writer in the London *Times Literary Supplement* called attention to "a curious phenomenon of the last ten years." It was that "While the race-course tipsters do no more to enhance their status than wear breeches and yellow waistcoats, the political tipsters have latterly been elevating their activities into a science. 'What are you reading—sociology?' you can hear tomorrow's undergraduates asking. And the lacerating reply, 'No! Psephology—of course!' "

But the new psephologists (from the Greek for voting with pebbles) are more than tipsters who tell us how voters are likely to act when they go to the polls. The layman knows of victories or defeats but can only guess at the reasons therefor. The psephologists begin post-mortems that continue until the approach of the next polling day, when they again become tipsters. Why was it that the voters backed the horses they did? Was it because of the voters' race, color, previous condition of opulence or penury, or something else?

AMONG American psephologists, Samuel Lubell holds high rank. He is no sampler who, in his own words, searches out "the prevailing prejudices of the people through a public opinion poll (cost $10 per prejudiced knee being tapped)" and then has the answers run through tabulating machines so that the number of resulting permutations and combinations is limited only by a desire not to seem absurd. Mr. Lubell travels over the country and examines the political grass roots himself; he talks with editors and citizens; he studies, as few do, the returns of past elections by counties and precincts; he inquires into population movements as between counties, changes in income levels, and extents of indebtedness; and he asks about the hopes and fears of the people who are going to vote.

Four years ago, in *The Future of American Politics*, Mr. Lubell came up with many observations that his readers found new and challenging. The election proved that he had been right when he foresaw that in shifting from urban tenements to more gracious living in the suburbs, many voters would leave behind them their allegiances to the party of Jefferson and Roosevelt and Truman. The principal psephological conclusion of Mr. Lubell's recent book is that implied in its title: ". . . the moderate elements, by refusing to cast their lot with either party, have forced both the Democrats and Republicans to turn their backs on the extremists in their ranks and to fight for the middle ground where the balance of victory lies."

An Immoderate Moderation

Of the life beyond, Robert G. Ingersoll was accustomed to remark, "I have friends in both places." Millions of voters holding moderate views can now say, "I have suitors in both political parties." But one result is what Walter Bagehot called "dullness in government." Bagehot went on to say: "Happy is the country with peace within its borders—yet stupid is the country when the Opposition is without a cry." Mr. Lubell would not disagree. There runs throughout his book a haunting fear, never made completely explicit, that perhaps Mr. Eisenhower has been so excessively moderate that the moderates will not remain in control; that the President has been unwise in following and not attempting to guide.

Opposition cries are intraparty, not interparty. The Republicans do not want to tax in order to pay for defense, and Mr. Lubell has some interesting pages on the "education" of Secretary of the Treasury Humphrey, whose perennial question in the National Security Council always was, "What will it cost?" (This is reminiscent of Jesse Jones's remark during the war when rubber was more precious than rubies and in shorter supply. Many tons were lost in a fire. "No matter," said Mr. Jones. "We had insurance.") Within the Democratic Party the burning issue is civil rights, and the reader concerned about this will pay special attention to Mr. Lubell's careful analysis of the voting behavior in the metropolitan areas that are heavily Negro.

IN SO FAR as the approaching election is concerned, it appears likely that the psephologists will have two novel questions to which they can attempt answers after November. First, to what extent were the voters indifferent to the question of whether a President would be able to devote full time to his job? Secondly, will the November voting behavior show any concern over a matter to which the electorate now seems completely insensitive: the *gaffes* that Cabinet members and other officials have been guilty of in such profusion and their repeated utterances of views contrary to those held by the White House?

Under any previous Administration the country would have thought that a President should either control his officials or get rid of them. Not so now. The popular reaction seems to be no more than a measure of sorrow that the President has been let down. With characteristic exaggeration Bernard Shaw once said that a king was a dummy put up to draw fire off the real oppressors of society. To what extent, for example, have boasts of "brinkmanship," clashing opinions on the morality or immorality of "Nehrutrality," and the publicized battles between the Chiefs of Staff drawn critical attention away from the White House, which should be the center of authority? "Did the times require that Eisenhower ask more of the American people?" The answer, Mr. Lubell says, "will largely determine the place that history assigns to him." Historians and not psephologists will hand down that verdict.

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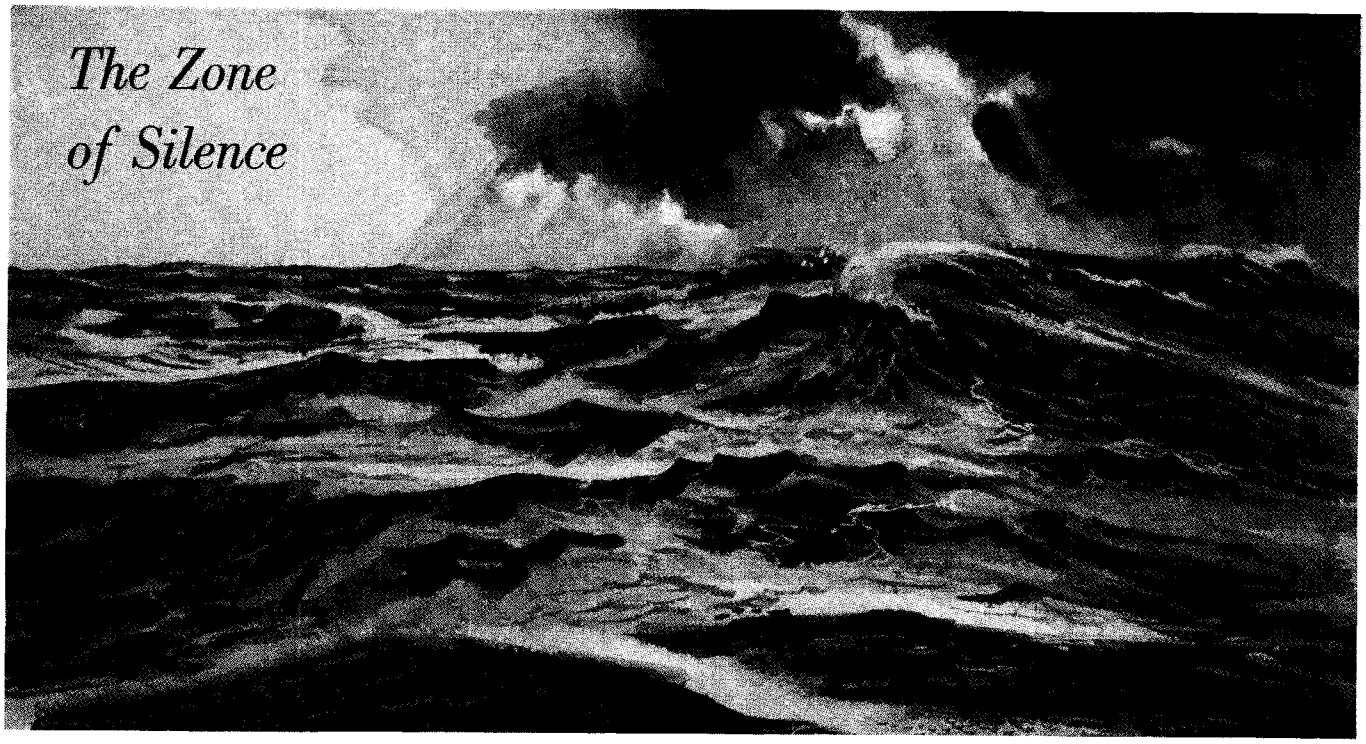

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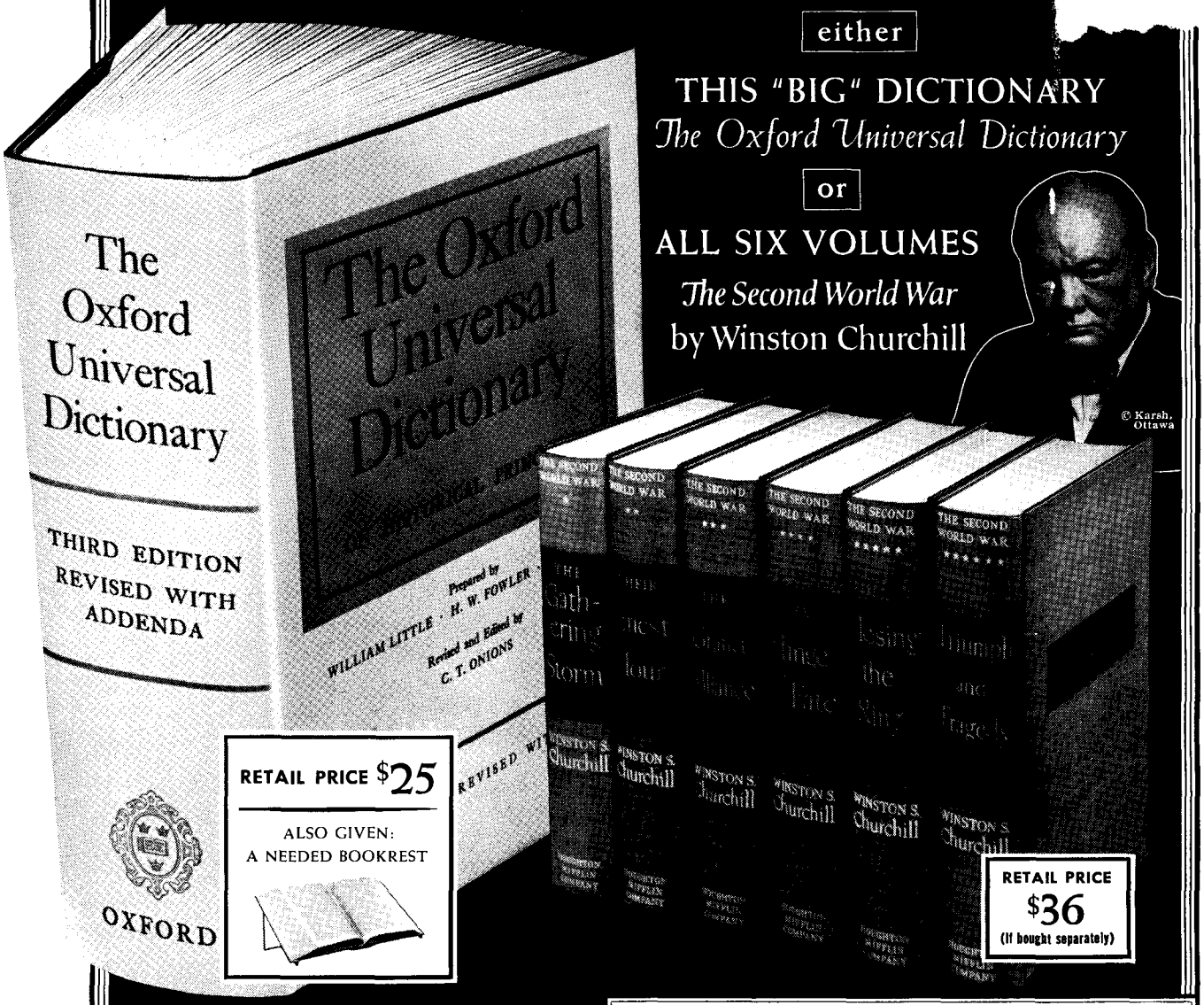
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